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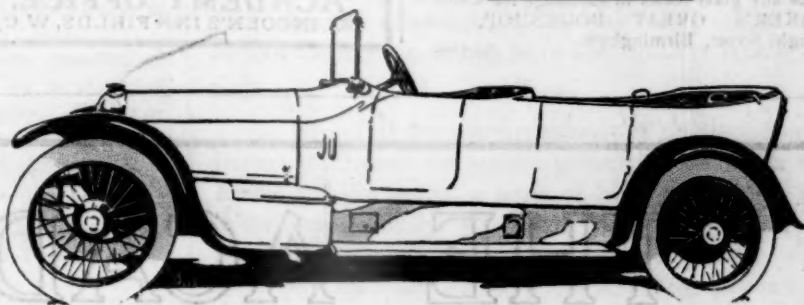
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Notes of the Week

IT is difficult to reconcile our impressions of the Frenchwoman with a vehement desire to obtain the vote—to obtain it, in fact, by violent means if peaceable methods will not suffice. In other words, it is not easy to imagine the vivacious ladies of France as "militants." Yet there comes news this week from the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, of the formation of a "Ligue Nationale pour le Vote des Femmes," determined and energetic, members of which pour vituperative scorn on the more moderate "Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes," which refuses to resort to extreme measures. Truly English history repeats itself—in other lands! The new League, we understand, is going to "march forward and show what women can do." Our sympathies are with France in this fresh trouble; but probably the Frenchman will regard petty outbreaks of window-smashing and incendiarism as an occasion for epigram and brilliant conversation. At any rate, such an association is a profitless venture at the present time, for the introduction of ill-temper and ridiculous, spiteful acts on the borderland of crime and insanity defeats its own ends. These enterprising ladies should have paid more attention to the pathetic failure of their English sympathisers before casting aside common sense and self-respect.

Mr. H. Wickham Steed, who has been absent from this country for more than twenty-one years, has come back full of reproaches. Addressing the Royal Insti-

tution, he complained of the average British diplomat abroad, and announces that nothing impresses him more than the "ignorance, insularity, and sleepy carelessness of the British nation." Disregarding the other two terms for the moment, we may note that in the mysterious evolution of meaning which words undergo, "insular," a harmless enough adjective, has come to signify "narrow" or "prejudiced." If we admit that as a people we are hard to move, even a little obstinate, we are not at all sure that this is a disadvantage; that same obstinacy has proved a very useful attribute in past years, and to misconstrue it into narrowness or prejudice seems to infer a certain amount of obliquity of vision on the part of the critic. We are not necessarily "ignorant" or "sleepy" because we do not grow excited and voluble at the slightest provocation. It is interesting to compare with Mr. Steed's assertions the recent statements of Mr. Taft, the former President of the United States, at Toronto. After prolonged study of our colonial system and our methods of government, he said, he was forced to the conclusion that "but for English enterprise, courage, and sense of responsibility in governing other races human civilisation would have been greatly retarded."

The efforts of the correspondents of provincial newspapers to express themselves gracefully are often very amusing. We noted, a week or two ago, a letter in a West-country daily which concluded thus: "Please permit me to point out that the splendid facilities which have been afforded by the Press in giving publicity to the subject-matter of this and similar communications during the last seven months have been a considerable contribution to, and of the greatest value in, what will very shortly have been a general reduction all round to a minimum of the needless and avoidable dangers indicated." The writer of this remarkable effusion signs himself very aptly, "Rambler," and in a previous portion of the letter alludes to his "pleasant peripatetic peregrinations." The whole gist of his communication could easily be compressed into one-third of the space; but then, of course, the author would miss the plaudits of his friends upon his magnificent command of language.

Some enthusiastic and sleepless person has been advocating in the columns of a well-known scientific paper the painting of buildings with a phosphorescent material. By the simple process of repainting London, for example, we might have "an automatic equalisation of the light-energy of the sun," since each wall would "return the stored sunlight during the night." There is no limit to the soaring schemes of the faddist, but to do away with darkness really seems carrying things off with a high hand. We would doom such a man to live for a week in his ghostly city that shines at midnight with stolen beams; we warrant he would soon be found beneath the earth, in the darkest corner of the deepest tube, craving only the boon of loneliness and sleep.

Unforgotten

A SILENT, desolate and unsearchable sea,
Linking I know not what far isles of grey,
Lies now, beloved, between myself and thee.

Its marge is crested by no slanting sail
Bringing thee home again the silver way;
No pharos reddens on its girdle pale.

And canst thou never come to me again,
Never again towards the harbour steer,
Scarring the brown sands with thine anchor-chain?

Yet it were not all bitter, not all sad,
To con once more the chronicle old and dear
Of unforgotten seasons blossom-glad.

If I might dream that on some other strand,
Though other lips were folded against thine,
Some other Spring blessed thee with its green wand!

Art thou beyond the morning's exquisite arc
That turns the waters of the east to wine?
Can the sun shine, and thou be in dark?

If it be so, and I must bow to this
Annihilation of all dreams divine,
I know that thou art dead, and what death is.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Lifeless Accuracy

THERE is something both admirable and pathetic in the unflagging perseverance of people who write—as distinct, we may say, from people whose writings are published and paid for. Apart from stories, ordinary articles, and verse, ten or twelve contributions are received every week, at the office of almost any paper, which may be covered by the generic title of "essay." They come frequently from the same persons; they are often excellent in phrasing and grammar; but they are lifeless and depressing.

It is impossible to help picturing the conscientious author, sometimes, sitting at his desk or table, having written, let us say, the word "Winter"—a favourite subject just now, and so topical—in large, clear characters at the top of his clean sheet. Many interesting remarks throng through his brain. He points out that Winter is the period of the year when Nature rests and the earth sleeps; that it has its beauties as well as Summer; that it contains Christmas, which he will certainly term "the festive season." This will carry him on for five hundred words or so; after which he may comment cheerily on the charms of skating, the "ring of the blade on the firm ice," or on the delights of a walk on a frosty morning and the fireside at the

end of it—and two of his paragraphs will begin with the fatal "Then there is. . . ." Inevitably he will conclude by showing how Spring, with her snowdrops and daffodils, is near at hand; how the earth "wakes at last from its long slumber"; how the fleecy clouds sail across the blue sky; and how happy we all ought to be. Thus he accomplishes his thousand words with immense self-satisfaction; it is all perfectly correct, quite harmless, and absolutely useless, and would have been just as correct, harmless, and useless had he chosen a different theme.

Such unprofitable contributions, betraying their character in the first three or four sentences, are returned as a matter of course, save by the very few papers—gentle, uninspiring, soporific sheets!—which print them and send six free copies as payment. For these the author is grateful; he feels that evidently his work is appreciated, even if not at its true value; and from this moment nothing can stay his industry, nothing can subdue his elation. "By the way, I had a little thing in last week's number of *The Primrose*," he says casually; "care to see it? They seem rather to like my stuff; I just send them something now and then. Not much of it, of course; but then there isn't a great demand for that sort of writing. . . . You can take that copy if you like; they always send me two or three when my stuff appears. Awfully glad you like it; yes, of course, it takes a lot of thinking out. I'll let you know when the next is in."

It is not fair, perhaps, to poke fun at the inexperienced writer who thus has to stand on tip-toe to reach the lowest rung of the ladder; certainly it is not right to sneer at him. He is, in his small way, an artist, striving seriously enough for self-expression, feeling the pull of something big and fine outside his mediocre, humdrum existence, something which as yet he can but dimly apprehend. Possibly he will remain for years on these unpromising levels, writing pretty little articles in his spare time, using familiar phrases, quoting hackneyed scraps of poetry, retaining his good opinion of himself; this often happens. There may come a moment, however, when his eyes are opened to magical horizons, when the knowledge that words may be music, that sentences may be harmonies, and that hitherto he has been as a novice fumbling at the manuals of a mighty organ, comes to him; and then he may move quickly. He will become aware that all he has done is the mere unguided, aimless picking out of an old tune with one finger, while there are keyboards and ranks of stops and melodious thunders freely at his disposal when he shall have spent patient, eager days in the learning of them; he will realise that within the instrument so wonderfully revealed lie fugues and fantasias and symphonies unheard, that it may rest with him, even him, to create them and send them ringing forth. Then, if he succeed, our laughter will have been proved premature; and if he does but manage to bring some simple, pleasing music from that complex array, there will be honour in his failure, and dignity in his despair.

W. L. R.

The University of London

SMALL, unconsidered revolutions are everywhere about us. Probably neither the public nor the press has entirely appreciated the significance of certain commotions which have recently agitated that generally serene body, the University of London. The University has been told, by all the authority of a Royal Commission, that it cannot properly be said to exist, and that, if it is said to exist, then it is utterly unsuitable, ineffective for its purpose, and proper for amendment out of recognition.

London University, as it is known by its intimates—the world at large knows it not at all—is the hybrid offspring of a vicious compromise. For years commissioners have sat upon and considered it. For years they have made recommendations in respect of it. And for years there have been at work forces which have nullified all their conclusions and all their advice. The University came into existence eighty years ago as a body competent to examine and confer degrees upon two Colleges in London, King's and University; at first its scope was limited to this function, and as a consequence its graduates were all school-trained men. But because the popular desire for culture outdistanced the facilities available for its acquisition, the University found itself in the middle of the nineteenth century a purely examining body, conferring degrees on students, whose only qualification was their ability to answer questions set at examination. London University degrees, while they stood for high study and dexterity in the examination room, implied naught of that important something which is the essence of University education: that training in life and manners and modes of thought which, as well as academic attainment, it is the business of a University to supply, and of its degree to signify.

In the late 'eighties a reaction against this mutilated conception of the University ideal set in, and it has continued and developed with growing vehemence ever since. The need in London for a teaching University was emphasised with accumulating insistence. It found expression in the report of the Selborne Commission which examined the matter in 1888. It was prominent in the findings of the Gresham Commission's report of 1894. It was reiterated with urgency in the recommendations of Lord Haldane's Commission of 1913. There is little doubt that the scheme of the Gresham Commission would have been given the force of legislative enactment in 1895 but for one important fact. That fact was the existence of a large and important body of graduates, whose degrees rested on the results of study and examinations alone. In deference to the prejudices of this body, out of regard for the interests that had grown up alongside and by reason of it, and not least because this external side (as it came to be called) satisfied a real and reasonable want, the legislature compromised on the scheme of the Commission, and brought into being the University with which London is now provided.

The government of the University is entrusted to-day to the hands of two opposed, irreconcilable, and mutually neutralising forces, the Council for External Students, which represents the interests of the external students and graduates, and the Academic Council, whose business is to endeavour to develop the training or collegiate side of University life. These Councils are dominated by incompatible ideals. Neither of them is able effectively to impress its wishes on the Senate: each is strong enough to thwart the other; and there is a deadlock between them. The external side is numerically the stronger. The internal side is of rapidly increasing importance, and contains the whole promise of the future. And so the matter rests at present, awaiting further parliamentary consideration.

One factor alone calls for further comment. All suddenly a new spirit is manifest in the London University undergraduate. The students have come to corporate life and sense. For the first time in history they have met to discuss University business. The Jehangier Hall at the University Buildings was barely sufficient to accommodate a huge gathering of them last November; and when, at the close of this meeting, it was realised that a heated discussion on the proposals of the Royal Commission had by no means exhausted itself, the authorities found it necessary to allow the adjourned meeting to take place in the Great Hall of the University. At the conclusion of the debate nearly 1,500 students were present, and the occasion was marked by really powerful and able speeches. A resolution endorsing the recommendations of the Haldane Commission was carried by a large majority.

This is not all. For years a Council, representative of the students of the University, has carried on an inglorious and unconsidered existence. Under the guidance of an able chairman and an energetic secretary, it has recently emerged into an active importance, of which the meeting already referred to is the earliest manifestation. Within the last few weeks the first number of its new organ, *The Undergraduate*, has appeared, and to this venture we tender our hearty congratulations. The corporate life of the London University student is at last an accomplished fact. We trust that life to increase and expand. We believe that for London University there is reserved a dignified and splendid destiny, proportionate to the dignity and splendour of London itself, and comparable with the dignity and splendour of any University in the world.

G. T. L.

The tale of a full and adventurous career is told in "The Life of Admiral Sir Harry Rawson," Governor of New South Wales. He first saw active service at thirteen years of age in the China War of 1858-60, and as an admiral commanded the Benin Expedition of 1897. The book includes a chapter on his brother, Commander Wyatt Rawson, who led the historic night march over the desert to Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Edward Arnold is the publisher.

Music and Cant

MUSIC is supposed to be a universal passion. The "savage breast," we are told, is not impregnable to its assaults; the man of culture is mostly impelled to offer it some kind of lip-service. The most facile and insensible of poets, Dryden, ascribes to it most of the miracles in earth and heaven. Nearly everyone likes to be thought to possess at least a minimum of that faculty which has been held to constitute, with the higher mathematics, the most eloquent "intimation of immortality" that we have. The man who says that he does not understand or care for music—of some kind—is either a superman or a super-decadent. He exists; the A.D.C. in "General John Regan" was drawn from life, though it would tax our ingenuity to know into which of our just-invented categories to put him; Jowett undoubtedly said to a famous musician, "I don't like music, but I'm glad I've heard you play." A Socialist musician of our acquaintance once went so far as to declare that, in the perfect state, music would be no longer wanted:

No further show or need for that old coat.

But the prophet was evidently searing his own soul with his paradox. He was a musician after all.

Where the obligation exists, or is supposed to exist, to think or talk about certain subjects, there the weed called cant is sure to thrive. This weed has many varieties. Religion, patriotism, love, are each the soil not of one, but of many cants; to every universal passion a score of imitative insincerities; and how should music, sharing this universality, escape the common curse?

One of the worst varieties of cant, because the most incurable, is the cant of having no cant. The French anti-clerical, at his worst, affords a good example of this kind of insincerity. We all have our cant, but we all have the antidote in our sack; it is called humility; this man has thrown it away. The musical representatives of this type are the people who, loving to perform or to hear good music, are afraid of being thought too cultured. To preserve the fair garment of their reputation from any fancied stain of intellectuality they will impose on themselves every kind of torture. They deny themselves access to the more serious concert-halls, where they know they would find delight; or, if they enter, it is in Arimathæan fashion or fortified by some sound social pretext. To their domestic circle they preach the methods of Grand-Guignol; rag-times jostle requiems, and the greatest music is only excused and shyly admitted either for its familiarity or for certain qualities which it appears to share with the smallest. Their tastes and their scruples render possible "Parsifal" in a music-hall and Beethoven's Symphonies in a Copenhagen restaurant.

Next to these in the hierarchy of insincerity we should place their mortal enemies, the intense and never-bending intellectuals. Their attitude is often intelligible and respectable; their fault lies in the persistent denial

of their own probable human weakness—the temptation to "desipere in loco." We say "probable," because we believe this temptation to be, with the exceptions that the idea of universality always carries, an inseparable accident of human nature. The cant of intellectuality—the pursuit of intellectual things purely with a view to the self-righteous glow and the feeling of superiority that such things may give—is one of the deadliest vices. But between intellectuality and intellectuality, the two poles of the intelligence, though the distance is great, the distinction is more than hard; we are in danger of confounding sinner and saint.

The attitude of literary men towards music has varied with the centuries and with the countries of the world, but the retort wrung from Gluck by the provocations of the Encyclopædists contains the elements of a general truth: "il y a apparence que ces messieurs sont plus heureux lorsqu'ils écrivent sur d'autres matières." The true *homme de lettres* takes all knowledge for his province; and quite rightly!—he is our interpreter—how otherwise are we to know anything? But he is irritated and baffled by the discovery that there is one thing that seems to hide itself from the wise and prudent and to reveal itself to babes. He resents the exclusiveness of music. Autocrat or oligarch perhaps in everything else, he is a leveller in this. He will banish all the music that he does not understand, and recognise only that which appeals to a large number of untrained or insensible ears, including his own. We cannot understand this tyranny; it is that which Gluck's opponents wanted to exercise, and we have heard it advocated in our own circle of friends. The literary man finds that music escapes him; let him remember the higher mathematics; here is another exclusiveness, and one that he cannot hope to break down.

Allusions to music are to be found in every poet. It is extraordinary how vague these allusions mostly are. The best are contained in very short, non-committal phrases:

The setting sun and music at the close.

The glory of the sun of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.

It is the brevity of veneration; it is the "Altar to the Unknown God." Dryden's is the vulgar expansiveness of familiarity. We can think of only two English poets who have shown that they understood music—Milton and Robert Browning. One of the greatest world-poets, Goethe, has expressed, though not in poetry, a curious miscomprehension of the federal laws that govern the republic of the Arts. His tolerance of Schubert's "Erlkönig" and his contempt for other musical versions of his poems are alike instructive.

Of those who have written in prose about music, Shorthouse and Pater have shown knowledge and perception. The professional critics may be divided into those who know the limits of their province and those

who do not. The latter have a habit of assuming that what they choose to read into a piece of music must be patent to the world; the choicest blossoms of the weed called cant are of their watering. The distinguished critic of a London daily paper, with a Nonconformist nuance, once expressed his disgust at seeing "clergymen of the Established Church" keep their places, without blush or protest, through the lascivious strains of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune."

Musicians writing on their own art are generally intolerable. If we started our acquaintance with Wagner by reading Wagner's prose and Wagner's theories, we should probably never face the "Ring" and "Tristan." The Futurists are now giving us a burlesque version of Wagner's procedure.

For the more ordinary kind of cant there are three tests: Can the claimant to musical taste whistle, hum or strum a recognisable version of a song or piece he is supposed to admire?—can he recognise at the third bar a piece he has more than once heard performed?—and—does he spend more time listening to music than he does talking about it? R. F. SMALLEY.

The Companionable Feminine

And swore he long'd at college, only longed,
All else was well, for she-society.

IN the majority of books on fishing, that agreeable injunction *cherchez la femme* is an unremunerative one. The late W. Earl Hodgson was one of the very few angling writers since Walton to admit the feminine element to his pages, and Mr. Sheringham has endeared to us one Amaryllis, who, though she cannot tell a chub from a salmon, has curling eyelashes as killing in their way as any trout fly.

Why this depressing lack of "she-society" in our sport? Possibly because the few women who fish take so workmanlike a view of it as to be socially neither desirous nor desirable when on the water. They are out to fish, not to flirt, and would rather have for company a weather-beaten gillie in fustian than the smartest dandy in the Guards. Hunting appears to be the only field sport in which the sexes meet on the same footing, for the woman with a fancy for standing behind a man when he is shooting grouse or pheasants thinks more of her own cap than of his birds. In the hunting field, on the other hand, Diana is no less keen than Nimrod. I am not forgetting that there have been Masters of Hounds with ungallant but emphatic views on the subject, but even they would probably concede that the vast majority of these fair followers of the chase are out to gallop and not to philander. There may be moments of soft relenting outside the covert or while riding home, but, with hounds in full cry, the very last thought in their minds is to make themselves either attractive or companionable, and if they accept the lead of a pilot, it is certainly not for the pleasure of his society.

Their sisters on river, lake, or sea are hardly the Companionable Feminine of our empty dreams. They are sufficient unto themselves, keener even than their brothers, and possessed by a spirit of independence that is clearly fatal to companionship. They don unsightly brogues and waders and throw a fly as well as their lords, if not indeed better. They are anything and everything you please; but they are, emphatically, not companions.

Speaking generally, I do not doubt but the fisherman is best alone. Yet there is joy in the right company. In that he who sings the praises of his paragon in petticoats must need seem a shocking egoist, it needs a little courage to catalogue the virtues of the ideal woman to take a-fishing. To begin with, she should like him a great deal and his fishing a very little. This means that she will rejoice at his success and condole with his failure. At lunch time, she becomes the ministering angel, and on the homeward way she will lend a ready ear to the tedious story of his day's sport. The comradeship that breathes from her face is better than music, unless you are more of a poet than a fisherman.

All this, no doubt, argues her companion a selfish fellow, yet woman was ever happier in giving than in receiving, and so long as she has much liking for his company, and little for his sport, her part need not be a hard one. As to the right man for her to go a-fishing with, I dare not, failing her point of view, particularise too closely. He should be considerate for her comfort. If she is nervous of the cows that graze in the water meadows, he should not jeer, but should contrive to take her wide of them. He should show appreciation of the meal that she has been at pains to prepare, and he should, above all, put his rod away in good time, that she may not have a breathless scramble for the train. Above all, however, even though it should involve carrying her dryshod across the stream (not a necessarily uncongenial service), he should not ask her to wet her feet, for there are women who hate wet feet more even than sin. If she helps him with the landing net, he should bring each fish close to the bank, so that she runs no risk of losing her balance.

Quien peces quiere, mojarse tiene,

says the Spanish proverb, or, in other words, you cannot catch fish without getting wet. Let the man, if he so please, stand in water up to his neck, but he has no right whatever to inflict the same penalty on his fair companion.

Although the ideal companion is not herself fond of fishing, it is not always impossible to find pleasure in the company of an enthusiast. Anthony was not the only man to fish with Cleopatra, even on the Nile; but the serious business of fishing suffered woefully on such occasions, for there was need of playing gillie, rowing the boat, baiting the hook, bestowing fulsome praise on insignificant achievement, or even, when a cast broke, or a hold gave, stemming the tide of silent grief *Δάκρυ'* *αδάρπυα* with such comfort as we could muster. No; it

was not worth calling fishing, yet we would not lightly forgo the memory of those days in Arcady.

Yet I make bold to say that no man who takes his sport seriously should go fishing with the girl he is in love with. It is spoiling two good things. There is a time for courting and another for fishing, but you cannot do both at once, and the amorous angler should put his rod and fly-book clean out of his thoughts until he has either lost his lady or won her. Once they have parted, or once they are wed, let him fish again with all his old enthusiasm. What I hold to be impossible is for a man to keep one eye on his float and the other on her face, or to cast with any approach to accuracy over a feeding trout when he is wondering all the time, not whether the fish is going to take his fly, but whether the girl is going to let him kiss her. I remember seeing a man at a music-hall play the violin while he was balancing an umbrella on the rim of his hat, but such a feat was child's play compared with the bewildering business of fishing and making love at the same moment.

No; it must be one thing, or the other.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die;
They passed into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye:
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck. . . .

All of which is delightful, and I am the last man to depreciate such attractions. But they should be anathema to the fisherman while he is on the water.

It has been said that much of the regard must be on the lady's side, and for this reason I fancy that the most companionable feminine for the keen fisherman is a younger sister who is devoted to him. Happy the man who can count on the company of such a fancy-free maiden, anxious to please him, without any thought of his pleasing her! She is untiring and careless of appearances. She will net his fish, carry his creel, or unravel his tangled line. She is quick to help and to sympathise, and her prompt cry of "Well done!" or "Hard luck!" as occasion may require, is very heartening. Few men are so lucky, but many years ago, when I was not so wicked or so foolish as I am to-day, I knew of a case. As I remember them, they were inseparable. She cared for no one but her big brother, then home from Sandhurst, and we other lads made our sheep's eyes from the safe distance of the other bank in vain. Then I lost sight of them for many years. When I met him again, a little east of Suez, he had lost his taste for fishing, and she, having meanwhile married a brother officer of his, lay buried in the cemetery of an Indian hill station.

Mr. Durrant Swan, who, in addition to being lessee of the Ambassadors Theatre, has, in his time, been interested in various successful musical comedy tours, announces that preparations for the opening performance of "The Joy-Ride Lady"—due in about three weeks at the New Theatre—are very well advanced.

REVIEWS

Various Verse

The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Cromwell, and Other Poems. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (David Nutt. 5s. net.)

Lyrical Poems. By THOMAS MACDONAGH. (Dublin: The Irish Review. 6s. net.)

Echoes. By A. L. H. ANDERSON. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Sea Anthology. Selected and Illustrated by ALFRED RAWLINGS. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)

Colombine, a Fantasy; and Other Verses. By REGINALD ARKELL; with some Drawings by FREDERICK CARTER. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. net.)

Nature's Interviews, and Other Poems. By MURIEL E. GEORGE. (Eastbourne: Alex. Clayton. 1s. 6d. net.)

WHAT shall we say of Mr. Le Gallienne? Sweet singer as ever, full of his pretty conceits, he yet fails to take his place among the poets who move us. "Ah, bosom made of April flowers!" he exclaims; and in "Flos Ævorum" sings:

All time hath travelled to this rose;
To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows.

A hundred lines could be quoted on the same model; "Alma Venus" gives us the same sort of thing:

O land made out of distance and desire!
With ports of mystic pearl and crests of fire.

There are a few stronger poems in this book; the picture of the "East-bound flyer for New York, Soft as a magic-lantern slide," speeding through the orchard where—

The apples and the moonlight fell
Together on the railroad track—

this is one memorable little lyric; but the verses which treat of love and death awaken no overwhelming response; they are too much in the sweet-melancholy vein. Page after page inclines us to say, "How pretty—how charming!" but not one passage can bring the sigh, the thrill, the tear. The poem to Emerson we can only regret:

Seeds of the silver flower of Emerson:
One, on the winds to Scotland brought, did sink
In Carlyle's heart; and one was lately blown
To Belgium, and flowered in—Maeterlinck.

Solemnity is the note of Mr. Drinkwater's poems. He is the serious artist, bent on fine, right expression; down far below the surface-pretty of things he seeks a meaning and finds thoughts that glow, if they do not often burn. There is no trace of hurry, no sign of carelessness in the whole of this delightful

little book, nor is there any futile attempt to deal in showy words, the jewels of language that become paste in the hands of the incompetent. At the same time, the resonant, excellent verse is here in plenty—such lines as these, for instance:

One with the reverend presence who had been
Steward of kingly charges unbetrayed.

The gods are just; eternity
May gird me for its lordlier clime;
But here, where time encircles me,
I am a lord of time.

The title-poem, "Cromwell," is a series of pictures under separate headings—"The Call," "The Coming," "Edgehill," "Marston Moor," and so on; some of these are in rhymed couplets, others in blank verse. They leave us very slightly stirred, though the conception is good and the whole effect impressive; the "interludes" are a feature of the poem which pleases us much. One lyric in this section appears to be directly modelled on the curious measure used by Tennyson in "The Daisy." If we give one stanza of Tennyson and one from this "Entry into London" we shall see:

At Florence, too, what golden hours
In those long galleries were ours;
What drives about the fresh Casciné,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

Along the streets of London town
Full twenty thousand men go down
In fighting gear and with faces beaten
To little of laughter in battle's frown.

Many memorable poems Mr. Drinkwater gives us, and we should like to confirm our assertion by several quotations. "The Inviolable Hour" is a grave, musical lyric, strong with subdued passion; "In Lady Street" deals with a theme which might easily have betrayed him into the snare of lilting prettiness; and "Dominion," of which we give the last two verses, is a little cheery song to be read many times:

But gladder than them all was I,
Who, being man, might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
And add their treasure to my cup.

And travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

Mr. Thomas MacDonagh announces himself with a little flourish of trumpets on his first page; he "tells the things" that he has seen and "shows the man" that he has been:—

As simply as a poet can
Who knows himself poet and man,
Who knows that unto him are shown
Rare visions of a Life unknown,
Who knows that unto him are taught
Rare words of wisdom all unsought. . .

Mr. MacDonagh is quite sure that he is a poet; we are not so sure. Pages of rhyme and pretty thoughts and smooth words do not constitute poetry. Let us cull a few lines from the long effort called "O Star of Death":—

Wisdom's voice is the voice
Of a child who sings to a star
With a cry of, Hail and rejoice!
And farewell to the things that are,
And hail to eternal peace,
And rejoice that the day is done,
For the night brings but release
And threatens no waking sun. . . .

There is no reason why this sort of thing should ever stop; there is no finality, no restraint, no inspiration; it is dull metal, and does not ring clearly. And how could a poet begin a poem thus:—

I once spent an evening in a village
Where the people were all taken up with tillage. . . .

On the credit side of the account we must place a really powerful thing entitled "A Dream of Hell," which has quite a mesmeric effect, and a couple of translations from the Irish. Self-criticism is the greatest need of this writer, who can, we feel sure, do good work, but who at present is far too fluent and copious.

Modestly Miss Anderson—it seems that the author must be a lady—puts forth her little book of "Echoes." The lyrics are decidedly pretty, and run trippingly; the author knows the value of varied rhythm, and manages her verses well. We like the "Gipsy Song" and the song of "An Exile" better than most of the other rhymes; the contrast in the latter piece is skilfully given:—

The hot, sweet day is over,
The flashing stars are white,
White are the orange blossoms—
The fireflies alight
Sparkle beneath the olives
In the purple velvet night.
O, the hateful, scented darkness,
I long and long in vain!—
I sicken for the moorland
And the soft small rain.

Too many of the stanzas are written on hackneyed themes; "Spring," "Dead Leaves," "The Song of the Birds," "A Dull Day"—not many poets can make these subjects interesting, unless something beyond mere description with an occasional moral is achieved.

Most of us could compile a "Sea Anthology" to please ourselves, but we should probably not be so comprehensive in research as Mr. Rawlings, who has ranged from Sophocles and Cædmon, Dante and Hakluyt, to modern times. We are surprised not to find certain of Mr. John Masefield's delightful salt-water songs and lyrics included; but we are glad to see two of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's exquisite sonnets. Such a volume might be extended until the writer dropped from fatigue, but in this case a wise and pleasing selection has been made, and the book, with its reproduced seascapes by the author, is one to be treasured.

To "Colombine," with its charming "Other Verses," we devoted a whole column of this paper in April, 1912; we need only say that there seems no reason to alter the high praise which we then gave it. We do wish very strongly, however—and have wished many times—that publishers would intimate on new issues that the book has appeared before. There is absolutely no indication that this volume is two years old, although we are again informed that "Colombine" was produced at the Clavier Hall in December, 1911.

The English spring appeals to Mrs. George very strongly, and her sense of it finds expression in many of the poems in "Nature's Interviews." Some of them are excellent; we prefer those which seem to have been written in India—they have a wistfulness which adds a reason for their writing:—

That tree, whose old leaves dropped but yester-morn,
Will stand new clothed to-morrow, shaking out
Her shimmering veils of beauty, sudden-born
Of Spring's sweet magic; here no glorious rout
Of buttercups and daisies gem the sod,
Only the jungle grass looks up to God.

The series of twelve poems to the months has a pleasant variation of melody and of rhythm, and the whole book, if not of any high poetic value, gives an impression of sincerity and clear thought. We wish that the same could be said of all who strive to cast their ideas into the form of verse.

Richard Cœur de Lion

Der Mittelhenglische Versroman über Richard Löwenherz. Kritische Ausgabe nach allen Handschriften mit Einleitung, Anmerkungen und deutscher Übersetzung. KARL BRUNNER, Dr. Phil. (Braumüller, Wien und Leipzig. 15 marks.)

DR. BRUNNER has done well in re-editing the Middle-English ballad of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The poem had not been edited since 1810, and then very imperfectly. The seven existing manuscripts have been industriously compared, and questions of versification, time, place and history carefully examined. It is unfortunate that the French ballad that inspired the original version of the English one has been lost, but enough material exists for a sound evaluation of the origins of the poem. The German prose translation appended by Dr. Brunner is of great service, though the text of the poem itself should be by no means difficult, even for those unskilled in Middle-English. The oldest manuscript appears to date from the end of the fourteenth century, the author was almost certainly an ecclesiastic, and he may or may not have lived in Lincolnshire.

The historical groundwork of the poem is for the most part sound and accurate, though much of the famous story of the hero's imprisonment in Austria gets embodied in an earlier and apocryphal episode. The repeated battles are rather irksome, as in most early

poetry. The issue is never in doubt, the slaughter is always incredible, and the place-names are so carelessly sown about the poem that the reader must cultivate rigorous estrangement both from the atlas and any previous knowledge he may have.

But by skipping the majority of the battles and composing an ideal topography for the story, the reader of this ballad may attain to much enjoyment. Does he "fear God and hate the French"?—he will learn that

"Ffrensche men arn arwe and ffeynte,"

that

"Ffyghte they cunne with wurdcs lowde,"

but

"Whene they comen to ye mystere "

(of real fighting),

"Anon they gynne to turne here hele."

The writer is a very intense patriot, and Philip Augustus and the Duke of Austria come in for some rough treatment. As against the Saracens Heaven speaks with no uncertain voice—

"There they herden an aungele off heuene
That seyde: 'Seynyours, tuez, tuese,
Spares hem nought, behedith these!'"

Whereat

"They were behedyd hastelyke,
And caste into a ffoul dyke."

The narrative abounds in graphic touches, which mix oddly with the conventional repetitions. Here is the hero in a passion:

"In anger Rycharde toke a lofe,
The croste in his hondcs all torafe."

Humour is abundant; the device of capturing a town by throwing bee-hives over the wall is lovingly described. But the gem of the poem is the description of Richard's illness and its successful treatment: when the King lay deathly sick, and

"Aftyр pork he was alongyd,"

a knight said to the steward,

"Take a Sarezyn yonge and ffat;
In haste that the theff be slayn,
Openyd, and hys hyde off flayn,
And soden fful hastyly."

The dish was served:

"Beffore Kyng Rychard karf a knyghte,
He eete ffastere than he karue myghte."

Much revived, the King calls for the head, and is considerably diverted when he sees it.

The poem is a spirited and by no means inartistic composition. Where the fighting was, and why—it certainly was not to test

"Whether is off more power,
Jhesu, or ells Jubyter"—

is not always plain, but, bating the bare catalogue of knocks, it was good and pleasant fighting. The edition is a good contribution to Middle English literature.

His Majesty the German Emperor has been pleased to accept a copy of "A Day with the Corps-Students in Germany," by Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., C.V.D., recently published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Taxation and Pleasure

The Nature and First Principle of Taxation. By ROBERT JONES. With a preface by SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN R. L. Stevenson's delightful rambling story of "The Wrecker" Loudon Dodd, the sensitive young sculptor, was horrified to find an interview on himself and his art in the *St. Jo Sunday Herald*, by the irrepressible Jim Pinkerton, "wedged in between an account of a prize-fight and a skittish article on chiropody." "Think," he exclaims, "of chiropody treated with a leer!" Although comparatively short, this is a scientific book on a difficult and complicated subject; but to lighten it and to lure the ordinary reader on, there is a jaunty preface by Mr. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Webb is the high priest of modern Radical progressive (in more senses than one) taxation; to use an inaccurate but useful simile, he has more capacity to the square inch in his little finger than many greater politicians have in their whole bodies. He is far more dangerous because he is an accurate thinker—practical and logical—who knows what he wants and how to achieve his ends. He first educated the Fabians; then when the Progressive Party had captured the L.C.C. under the specious cry of "No politics," he proceeded to exploit its vast resources in order to propagate his theories, and a splendid time he had until the Municipal Reform Party, thanks to Captain Jessel, drove them from power. It is not unfair to say that much of the taxation of the present Government is more his work and the result of his teaching than is generally supposed. We remember his saying that he had no objection to people being taxed 20s. in the £, and defending that proposition.

Mr. Jones, who is one of his disciples in that forcing house of Socialistic theories, the London School of Economics, has written an able and plausible book from his point of view, to which Mr. Webb has put his *imprimatur* in the shape of the jaunty preface aforesaid. To treat such a horrid subject as taxation jocularly is almost as bad as treating chiropody with a leer.

If "bold bad Chancellors" have to pick our pockets, how, asks Mr. Webb, can it best be done? Along this line Mr. Jones conducts us skilfully enough to a practical ideal of a steeply graduated income tax which shall discreetly stop short of being "Procrustean." He shows how it might be bad to abolish some taxes even if a thousand millionaires agreed to pay all the rates

and taxes in the country. There might be drawbacks, he points out, for instance, to untaxed gin, dogs and guns. Moreover, why, because the nation had collectively become richer, should it bestow largess on an arbitrarily selected minority of individual property-owners by letting them off tithe and land tax? It is time, he says, that someone made a stand for the positive advantages of taxation. In sober truth, he declares there are in the United Kingdom of to-day not a few taxes that we could not afford to lose, even if we did not need the revenue. In fact, he asserts that the nation is a sleeping partner in every firm, and spends the money far more wisely than we can spend it ourselves!

The economists told us, years ago, that of the then aggregate of private incomes at least £500,000,000 a year is spent in ways that we can in no sense justify—in riotous living that impairs our health, in foolish extravagances that actually lessen our aggregate enjoyments, in a consumption of so-called luxuries that so far from increasing our capacity, makes us at once less wealthy, less healthy, and less wise.

It is only fair to admit he is good enough to say that Government expenditure is inefficient and wasteful, but it is far more wisely done, he alleges, than the average private expenditure. This, of course, is nothing but pure Socialism, naked and unashamed, and shows the hopeless want of knowledge of human nature which can suppose that as a first step to doing away with all profits, people will toil so that its Government may spend all their earnings in the way a number of bureaucrats think will be to the general and even individual advantage.

The nature of a tax is very clearly defined in Chapter I, and there is much for reflection in the painstaking definitions. For instance, all the revenue of the British Government or the L.C.C. does not represent taxation, although at first glance it may be thought to do so. Income tax is a pure tax, but the profits from municipal tramways contain no element of taxation. (Some tax-payers, we may here say in parenthesis, feel that municipal trading very often inflicts a good deal of unnecessary taxation, and as we believe that there will not be a tramway in London twenty years hence, a great deal of waste.)

Rates are defined as a payment for something offered in return—such as water—but another subdivision shows exceptions, such as the wealthy bachelor who pays an education rate for which individually he gets nothing. The essential elements of a tax appear to be (a) That it

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is compulsory; (b) That it is not the purchase price of something bought. The compulsion makes the tax.

If we consider how Passive Resisters are forced to contribute to Church Schools [note that our author puts this first], Quakers to the Navy, Anarchists to the Police, Churchmen to "Godless Schools," Republicans to the Monarchy, and Unionists to the salaries of Irish Nationalist Members, we find that taxes are constantly demanded and paid for, not for "nothing in return," but what is worse, for something that the payers conceive to be more mischievous than if the money had been cast into the sea.

He inquires if there is a tax element present in the Post Office, for instance. It has been said that letters could be carried in the area of London for a halfpenny, and would at that price yield a large return to a private company; if so, are Londoners taxed fifty per cent. on their penny postage? No, because you cannot isolate London—the scheme has to include the carriage of a letter from a small inland village in Scotland to a small postal area in central India, which is necessarily done at a loss. The net profit of the Post Office would, however, appear to be a tax. We have given these interesting examples to show Mr. Jones's line of argument.

The second chapter is a clear and able history of the development of ideas on taxation from the earliest times. The main principles are Equity, Economy, Certainty, Productivity, Uniformity and Generality. There is an excellent chapter on definitions, a note on family budgets and taxes, and a carefully prepared Bibliographia and Index.

The book, apart from its political hints here and there, is an excellent handbook for the statesman, the political economist, and the student. It sets out clearly much of which we are hazily aware; a dry subject is illuminated with some quaint wit, and after reading it the tax-payer will pay his rates and taxes more readily, or, at least, more resignedly, than he did before. Our thanks are therefore due to its painstaking author.

W. B.

A Corner of West Africa

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By JOHN H. WEEKS. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

MR. WEEKS spent some thirty years with the Bakongo—mainly in and about San Salvador—and gives us what in many respects is a striking book on the habits, customs, religious beliefs, and characteristics of the tribes of the Lower Congo. He worked as a missionary in that particular corner of Portuguese West Africa, but this is not a record of missionary experience. It is a serious study of "native life in all its complex stages from before birth to after death"—as Mr. Weeks rather quaintly but expressively puts it—"the native's work, fights, hunts, dances, games, stories, and loves; the diseases to which he is subject, the spirits he must cajole, and the struggles he encounters through life." His long sojourn among the Bakongo, the close-

ness of his relations with the King of Kongo, as he is called, and the nature of his work necessarily brought him opportunities which the mere Continent-trotter would never get. If the volume is lacking in any respect, it is in regard to the associations and influence of Portugal. The Portuguese were here centuries since; relics and remainders of their past are frequently forthcoming; San Salvador is well within the Portuguese border line on the maps; the very name is Portuguese.

Yet we are told a letter appeared in the Belgian paper *Le Mouvement Géographique*, in 1884, in which the King of Kongo acknowledged the King of Portugal as his liege lord. It bore the King of Kongo's mark, and was witnessed by all the white men in San Salvador at the time, except Mr. Weeks. The King was astonished and angry when he heard of it. "My brother, the King of Portugal," he said, "sent me this chair as a present, and a short time after the head padre brought me a letter to sign, saying it was a letter of thanks to the King of Portugal for this chair, and that is the only letter I ever signed my mark to or ordered to be sent." "Poor old man!" comments Mr. Weeks, "in saying 'Thank you' for a chair he had signed away the independence of his country, for the Portuguese used that letter as one of the arguments upon which they founded their claim to the ancient kingdom of Kongo." Mr. Weeks wonders how many treaties with African kings have been gained by a similar ruse. As he speaks early in his book of San Salvador as in Portuguese Congo, we are a little puzzled to know whether this document did not merely proclaim what everyone else regarded as a fact, with probably the exception of the King of Kongo himself.

The Bakongo are among the most primitive, though far from the most savage, of the peoples of Equatorial Africa. Folklorists and anthropologists will find much that is interesting in Mr. Weeks' descriptions of them, their institutions, their polygamy, their laws, their rites, their sayings, and their fetishes—local variants on the lives of other tribes and peoples in Africa. One chapter dealing with language, idioms and proverbs, is peculiarly good, and shows, as Mr. Weeks says, that these uncultured, backward folk of the Congo possess a certain keenness of intellect, a power of observation, and a felicity of expression which augurs well for their progress in civilisation. Primitive as they are, many signs are forthcoming that they are moving towards a higher and humaner plane—to wit, their attitude towards the secret societies which in the past have been an inestimable power for evil. These secret societies in the beginning probably aimed at checking the tyranny of chiefs through a sort of brotherhood. They survived to become the terror of the people themselves. We might not have to go far at home to find an analogy!

One rather curious feature of this corner of West Africa seems to be the almost total absence of big game. Mr. Weeks in his travels round and about saw only one antelope and the footmarks of an occasional elephant. It is a great event, and the hunter himself becomes a local hero, when a leopard is killed. The

chief hunting enjoyed by the Bakongo is from September to November. In September the long rank grass which covers the country is fired. Antelopes, wild pigs, buffaloes, palm rats, snakes, and other creatures who hide within the depths of the growth seek to escape from the flames, and whilst the men go for the larger game, women, girls, and boys scamper over the charred vegetation in search of rat holes, the rat being a much prized delicacy. It must be a fine spectacle, it is certainly often a practice full of danger to local habitations, this firing of the grass. "At night it is a grand sight to see the hills in the distance outlined in living flames; and when the thick grasses are burning, they generate such an amount of steam in their stalks that causes them to explode with loud, gun-like reports, and the force of the explosions sends the burning grass hurrying through the night air like blazing rockets." These children of Nature, with their absurd and barbarous fetishes and charms, are not altogether lacking on the practical side. And there is at least one thing among them that they have not to learn from us in more civilised lands. They have discovered the efficacy of the strike, even in the royal residence. When the King's attitude to his wives became unreasonable, they held aloof, refused to cook for him or minister to his comforts in any way, and the King's ultimate surrender was assured. We are not told whether he ever returned the compliment by subjecting his wives to the Lock Out!

A French *Décadent*

Paul Verlaine. By WILFRID THORLEY. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

If you do not know Paul Verlaine, it is because a sufficient number of books have not been written about him. Of all the modern French *décadents*, he is certainly even now the most discussed. He was a familiar figure in Bohemian Paris; he was not unknown in London. And yet the element of mystery which surrounded this man with the domelike forehead during his lifetime has never been entirely dissipated. It might indeed be said of him, as of the man out of whom seven devils were cast, that his name was legion. He combined the aspirations of a saint with the performances of a satyr. He could pour out his soul in passionate pleadings to an offended God. He could—and did—write verses the obscenity of which must have brought a blush even into the faces of the trolls and sluts who inspired them.

Mr. Thorley's little book certainly helps us to a clearer understanding of the man. It is a sane and just appreciation. Verlaine's unquestionable genius is fully recognised, and no attempt is made to palliate his faults—if so mild a word as faults can properly be used to describe the vices of a man whose life, at the best, was a moral wreck. Above all, Mr. Thorley is too sincere a writer to urge the hackneyed and hypocritical plea that a genius is exempt from those obliga-

tions of morality which are incumbent upon a mere ordinary member of society. He seeks not to defend Verlaine, but to explain him.

And Verlaine wants a good deal of explaining. His life teems with inconsistencies. He came very near to being a murderer, but there was that about him which, in happier times and in happier circumstances, might have produced a martyr. We see him the reckless debauchee of the Paris gutters. We see him, too, the blameless instructor of an English county family. He was sent to prison for the assassination of a man who shadowed him throughout his earlier life as his evil genius; and it was in prison that he wrote such lines as these:—

Mon Dieu m'a dit : Mon fils, il faut m'aimer. Tu vois
Mon flanc percé, mon cœur qui rayonne et qui saigne,
Et mes pieds offensés que Madeleine baigne
De larmes, et mes bras douloureux sous le poids

De tes péchés, et mes mains ! . . .

Such a fervour of devotion would not have seemed strange in the writer of the "Imitatio Christi." But it would be more than strange to imagine Thomas à Kempis as having written the "Chansons des Ingénues," to name one of the more reputable of Verlaine's lighter poems.

That he was capable of deep emotion is undeniable. The man, at his worst, was the victim of a remorse that must have been terrible. That he was capable of any *abiding* emotion, however, may well be disputed. Conversion came to him in jail. "His life thereafter," writes Mr. Thorley, "was a continued see-saw between whole-hearted wantonness and the rigours of repentance, and he seems to have found each of an equal savour."

The conflicting emotions and experiences which made up his life are mirrored in his verse. And, after all, it is with this that the critic is mainly concerned. In Paul Verlaine there flamed the soul of a poet. It is no business of ours to pass judgment upon his crimes, which will be brought before the bar of a higher tribunal. The mournful music of the "Chanson d'Automne" will make glad and sad the hearts of men long after the memory of those crimes has faded like that dead leaf of which the poet sings. Coppée—poet and Catholic—knew Verlaine as well as any man. And this is what Coppée said about him: "Let us salute respectfully the grave of a true poet, let us bow down before the coffin of a child."

Mr. de Morgan's long-promised novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost," is ready this week, published—as have been all Mr. de Morgan's other works—by Mr. William Heinemann. The book in many ways, we understand, reminds the reader of "Joseph Vance," while humour, for which the author has so rightly won a reputation, is a pronounced feature of the novel. A particularly delightful character is a retired prize-fighter who lives off the Tottenham Court Road.

Shorter Reviews

Considérations sur l'Art Dramatique à propos de la Comédie de Bernard Shaw. By AUGUSTIN et HENRIETTE HAMON. (Eugène Figuière and Co., Paris. 1 fr.)

WE have already had occasion to notice M. Hamon's enthusiasm for Mr. Bernard Shaw, as developed in "Le Molière du XXe siècle." The author has spared us the trouble of referring back to that work by inserting an exhaustive little *précis* of it in the present essay. We believe we hinted at "rivers in Macedon," when we discussed M. Hamon before; the phrase is still difficult to avoid. And it is impossible to forget that M. Hamon's appreciation of Mr. Shaw's humour was painfully acquired—"fit, non nascitur."

M. and Mme. Hamon have a cold-blooded way with them in analysing humour. The novice of the dissecting room may be forgiven if he experiences qualms in watching the process. This or that phenomenon of humour—"on l'a constaté chez Molière, Ben Jonson, Holberg" . . . "on peut le constater chez Ben Jonson, Molière, Holberg." Humour under the knife, humour docketed and dessicated, is difficult to recognise as humour. And yet the work has to be done, we suppose, from time to time, and, if the best anatomist is a good, callous dissector, M. and Mme. Hamon are certainly well qualified. "Callous" is perhaps an odd word to apply to them; we use it because it suits our metaphor. In other respects our critics are sensitive, not to say sentimental. They end with a fine lyrical outburst on the familiar theme that Wagner was once hissed, and we may be sorry some day if we hiss somebody else.

The essay is quite short, and full of suggestive things, suggested mainly to the authors by a fine passage of Bergson that is quoted, with characteristic sincerity, at length.

Roswitha. By OTTO ERNST. Parts I and II. Second Edition. (A. C. Caton. 2s. net each.)

It is quite possible to write about children and childish matters in a way that is simple and at the same time exceedingly dull and uninteresting; but in these short sketches of Roswitha—the first when she is three and the second when she is four years old—and her father there are no dreary passages, no boring details. All is as bright as the little maiden herself, a charming mite who turns her father from the study of "Critique of Pure Reason" to play with her tireless self for a whole day. Both books are quite short, but they leave one with the impression that the little that has been said was well worth recording, and thanks are also due to the translator for the good rendering into English.

History of the Nations. Part I. (Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.)

BY starting the above series another attempt is made to bring some knowledge of ancient races and the development of modern ones within reach of the general public. The compilers promise that the work shall not exceed fifty fortnightly parts, therefore it cannot be expected that very great detail concerning each can be given; but if, as was suggested last week in the review of "Harmsworth Popular Science," this and succeeding numbers stimulate a reader's thirst for greater knowledge and cause him to pursue further for wider information, a good result will have been achieved. Egypt is the country dealt with in the first number, after a lengthy and illustrated introduction has prefaced the work. No pains have been spared in making the illustrations as good and varied as possible in both the introduction and the actual text. Some have been specially painted for the History; others are reproductions; but all are good and greatly add to the value of the publication. We await with pleasure the forthcoming numbers.

The Old Wood-Carver. By SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., and SIEGFRIED HERKOMER. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS tale of fourteenth century life is now written by Mr. Saxon Mills. We presume his work is, in effect, to report the happenings on the cinematograph film which Sir Hubert von Herkomer and Mr. Siegfried have invented, and in which the well-known artist enacted the leading character. We have been so often bored by being obliged to watch the productions of the cinema theatres that we own we approached this present volume with what the Chinese call a strong feeling of "no enthusiasm." But Sir Hubert is himself a brilliant artist and craftsman, versatile and widely experienced, and he and his assistants have been enabled to effect an appreciable improvement in this, to us, incomplete and generally uninteresting form of dramatic expression.

It is well known that the Herkomers come of a race of wood-carvers, and that the present head of the house in England is a devoted labourer in that craft. Thus he may be supposed to be able to throw himself heart and soul into his representation of a fourteenth century type he both knows and admires. He appears in most of the illustrations to this book as a venerable and dignified master who bears such trials as come his way with nobility and high courage.

The story of "The Old Wood-Carver" is as old and far more simple than the art itself. He has great victories and happiness in his work and home, but his beautiful daughter leaves his house with a gifted apprentice and is married to him, although the father had made totally different plans for her. We see his

suffering and regret and rage. We see, also, the life of the young couple, who are eventually restored to the love of the old wood-carver by means of their child. The plot of a cinema film must, we presume, be clear and on well-worn lines; if that be so, the present undertaking fulfils its purpose admirably.

The photographs which form the long sequence of the film were all taken near Bushey, where Sir Hubert has his home, and his direction and personality can be felt throughout the undertaking. No doubt the craft—or is it art?—of the cinematograph is now in its youngest salad days, but in the hands of such an accomplished family as that of the Herkomers it should soon blossom into a flower of beauty and develop into a refreshing entertainment.

The Land and the People. (John Murray. 1s. net.)

THIS small volume of ninety pages consists of a reprint of the special articles on the land problem which appeared in the *Times* last year. It would be difficult to put too high an estimate on the value of the book to those who, not having extensive first-hand knowledge at command, are nevertheless anxious to form a sound practical judgment on the most important political questions of what one may, perhaps, describe as the panto-post future. The volume is in the nature of a text-book and a summary, and is chiefly designed to lay before the reader the main facts present to the mind of a well-informed person considering the exigencies and possibilities of reform of the English land system. "The root of the whole matter," says the author of the book, "is that agriculture is, and has long been, a sick industry, and the problem is how to cure it, as an industry, not by treating parts of it, and still less by setting one part against another, but by infusing life into it as a whole." The statistical details given in the volume are well selected and very useful; and the writer offers several timely warnings against impulsive and partisan treatment of the nation's agricultural difficulties, and enforces his warnings by temperate and strongly supported argument. His most important conclusion in relation to legislation now in prospect is expressed in the following passage on "Owners or Tenants?":

A violent and unnecessary controversy has arisen on the respective merits of the two systems. . . . One suits some men and some conditions best, the other suits others. But so far as keeping the population on the land is concerned, there is no question that for the most energetic and enterprising men the prospect of ownership is the most powerful of attractions and its realisation the strongest tie. . . .

There are other men of different temperament or differently situated who do not wish to be owners and prefer to be tenants. . . .

. . . No class should be left out of view; but perhaps the most promising line now opening out for the regeneration of village life is that of colonisation by groups of cultivators in co-operation; and experience goes to show that owners, who have to depend on themselves, are more ready to co-operate than tenants.

Fiction

The Three Trees. By GUY RAWLENCE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

PHILIP GIFFORD, in addition to inheriting a reasonable competence, found on reaching maturity that he was also the possessor of a family curse, one that had operated with great success for a matter of three hundred years or so. The acquisition of the knowledge made him a fatalist—though not sufficiently to prevent him from marrying—and when the curse became due to act he sat down to await its falling. The book is the life history of this selfish, illogical mortal up to the age of thirty; its first part is taken up with his childish days at Salisbury, where he lived with two maiden aunts and made the acquaintance of Antonia, a little Italian girl whom he subsequently met again and married. A third of the way through the story Philip, now arrived at maturity, learns of the family curse—a healthy, full-blooded curse it is, too—and thenceforth he flings up his occupation and goes wandering, to meet again with Antonia, grown to womanhood in the interval of fifteen years. From the moment of their meeting on the Appian Way we know the end of their story, and the author very wisely refrains from holding us in suspense, marrying them without hesitation. Then come the best chapters, in which Antonia, ignorant of the nature of her husband's obsession, sets to work to fight it, while he, poor coward, waits for the fulfilment of the curse. The author makes us rather contemptuous of his hero before the last page is turned, but it is, for all that, an interesting story, racily and well told. The fact that two characters sustain it for nearly half the length of the book proves that Mr. Rawlence is capable of—what is to be desired—a longer work than this, if he will introduce two or three more characters to his stage as relief for the principals.

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The Horoscope. By JOHN LAW. (Thacker, London and Calcutta.)

THE scene of this novel is entirely laid in Ceylon. Ceylon stories, with which it might be compared, are few, if any exist. There is plenty of local colouring: the writer shows a knowledge of at least some portion of the colony's history, of its chief products, of the manner of life, and, above all, of the dominant Buddhism and its practical operation. So far we might have been describing a Gazetteer. But the book is a story full of human developments. A Sinhalese gentleman, descended from the deposed Kandyan dynasty, proprietor of an encumbered estate, loses his wife, is left with two little boys, and devotes himself to their welfare. The story turns on the evolution of the horoscope of the elder son: a superstitious regard attaches to horoscopes in Eastern countries. This elder boy is, contrary to an English planter's advice, sent to a Christian College, and eventually, after his father's death, becomes a Christian. The younger becomes a Buddhist monk. Their mutual devotion is touching. Their characters and careers are well drawn. The life of the elder is hardly a success: the moral is that he would have done better by adhering to Sinhalese ways. His Sinhalese wife is amusing in her ambitions. The younger brother is the stronger character. His trust in his faith is unshaken: his attachment to his stricken brother is most pathetic. The interest is well sustained to the end. The Buddhism is prominent, but not overdone. How many understand what Nirvāna means? It is "taught that Desire leads men to be born again and again, and that by killing Desire a man can escape from re-births and enter Nirvāna," the deathless state.

The Cockney at Home. By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IN his preface Mr. Pugh tells us that he has written the sketches and stories in this book with the idea of making his readers laugh. We have read them all, some one day and some another, in order that our judgment of them might be fair and not formed hastily because we were bored by one class of story and therefore wrote them all down as foolish. But in spite of all this precaution it must be said that there is very little in the whole book that is strikingly funny, or any story that presents the Cockney in as interesting an aspect as it is possible to place him. For instance, "The Quack" and "The Cheap Jack," two types well known in London—or, for that matter, in the provinces also—could have been better drawn, and might have been presented in a much more mirth-provoking manner. From the two sketches, "Humble Pie" and "The White Serge Dress," it would appear that Mr. Pugh is happier when dealing with characters of a class a little removed from the very poor and illiterate slum-dwellers. In the first of these is developed a capital little plot concerning a young man, Bertie,

and his exploits along a Monkey Parade; and in the second the pride of poor Milly of the white serge dress has its proverbial fall, very sympathetically related by the author. "The Penny Walker," otherwise the man who learned his way about London by tossing a penny at each cross-road, "Heads—to the right! Tails—to the left!" will possibly find some imitators, but it is to be hoped that for the sake of the "Chair" no one will endeavour to run a debating society on the lines indicated by Mr. Pugh in "The Debating Society."

Katya. By FRANZ DE JESSEN. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

BY reason of his position among Continental writers on Russian subjects, and especially on southern Russia, M. de Jessen deserves attention for this, his first book to receive English translation. The work of the translator is, it may be remarked, of a high order throughout; the life and spirit of the story have been preserved, and the English is as vivid as it is faithful to the original.

Katya's story is laid principally in southern Russia; she is of the Ukraine, and in a few sentences Niki, her husband, describes her. "You are clever—yes, clever as few women are, and you can do great things, as long as they are dramatic and splendid. But your heart is little—little and poor, Katya."

It seems otherwise as we read, but in the end the ruthless description is amply justified. For Niki is shot, and Petya Orloff is executed—the best men pass out from Katya's life, and at the end, finding no alternative, she marries Shipagin, though we know all the time she despises him. It is as fine a study of a woman as modern fiction can show; not a normal woman, perhaps, since she is of the type in which the head dominates the heart, but a woman at once admirable and despicable, one who compels and repels. And, after all, is there in all creation such a thing as a normal woman—is not each, rather, a law unto herself and a type by herself?

So much for the personal element of the story, which is but a part. The author is among the foremost students of Russia and its problems, and here he gives us glimpses at the character of a nation as well as of its individual men and women. In the grim chapters which tell of the struggle between established order and revolutionary forces there is clear, keen insight into Russia of to-day, its sacrifices and enthusiasm, its iron suppressions, and the multitudinous aims of its reformers, would-be and in being. Petya Orloff, on the ship that bore his father's name, is but a sorry hero, yet he wins all our sympathies; Pravdin, of and for the people against the powers that be, strikes the true note of Russian upheaval—fanatic, extremist, dreamer, he has the merit of sincerity and little more. These chapters, in which he and Petya are as gods moving men, make in themselves a story of great dramatic power.

The book is complex as Russian character, and it breathes the life and spirit of the Russian people. It

is a merciless analysis of a woman and some men, a masterly study of men and women, and it is so far instinct with the problems and essentials of the nation that it deserves a place among text-books on southern Russia and the countries with which its frontiers march.

The Lost Road. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE stories in this book are of the kind to make the reviewer enthusiastic. To take the first, it is compounded of quite ordinary material, tells a part of the life of its rather ordinary hero, and ends in a perfectly conventional fashion; but the manner of the telling is so fresh and engaging that the reading gave us real pleasure—and it is rarely that one ventures to say as much as that of any of the multitude of books read in a publishing season. There is no reason for selecting the first story in the book for such a criticism, for most of the others are equally good, and some of them are better; the miracle of Las Palmas, for instance, grips from its first page. In "The Lost Road" there is a little gem of a poem which we trust, for its own sake, was written by the author of the story, for it is verse of the kind which one cuts out and keeps.

Of the illustrations, one is an adequate representation of the text (that facing page 222), but the rest are, apparently, designed to give us an idea of the skill of the artist. In such a thoroughly entertaining book as this, however, it is folly to cavil at such a small point—we have enjoyed the work, and trust others may read it with similar result.

Lieut.-Col. C. J. Bruce, of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, has already recorded some of his travels in his work, "Twenty Years in the Himalaya." His new book, which Mr. Edward Arnold has in the press, describes his exploration of the mountains of Kulu and Lahoul, a country due north of Simla, hitherto neglected by the climbing fraternity. In addition to mountaineering, the folk-lore and history of the districts receive considerable attention.

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Music

"Parsifal" at Covent Garden

CONVERSATION as an art is said to be so nearly lost that only a very few persons, Lord Rosebery and one or two others, know where to find and enjoy it. But if Conversation exists no longer among the general circles of society, there is, at any rate, plenty of Discussion. Discussion is to Conversation what Lawn Tennis is to Tennis. It is within everyone's reach, and the game, as a rule, is soon over. Subjects seem never to be wanting, and we turn from the last to the next with perfect contentment. Providence acts for us as did that host in the "New Republic" who propounded a certain number of subjects for conversation at his dinner-party and caused a bell to be rung when each one had had its turn. Last week two subjects struggled with each other for the first place at every table, luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper; they were "Parsifal" at Covent Garden and the murder of the little boy on the North London Railway. The latter interest, to be sure, engaged the majority of tongues, and it may be that "Parsifal" was only permitted because it was felt that developments might be expected in the murder case and that it would keep for a future time. So "Parsifal" was discussed until the coming of Mr. Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream" caused it to be forgotten, and the problem of gold or not-gold fairies superseded that of the delinquencies or otherwise of Covent Garden. But as we are not invited to contribute our views on murder or fairies in this column, we must drag "Parsifal" out of its seclusion, and, threadbare topic as some may consider it to be, set down the few comments which the performance at Covent Garden have suggested to us.

First, as to the question of environment. Has the spirit of glamour stayed behind, declaring that she will never leave the hills of Bavaria, that she can only breathe and inspire others in an air remote from that of cities? Did the journey through London's noise and dirt so indispose us that we were unable to enter with the right proportion of awe and excitement into the so cunningly presented drama of sex and spirituality? For ourselves, "Parsifal" was every whit as impressive here as at Bayreuth; the astuteness of Wagner the manager in confining "Parsifal" to Bayreuth for so many years was abundantly rewarded, no doubt. But the work was great enough, being so original and so large in its conception, to have done without the *réclame* which the circumstances of its performances gave it. We are not at all sure, either, whether "Parsifal" is not more impressive in London, where it can be seen stripped of the nonsense and make-believe which were so tiresome to many plain folk, than at Bayreuth. If there was something of the pilgrimage about the visit to that little town, there was also a good deal of the picnic and the holiday jaunt. The country was pleasant, and on a fine summer's afternoon there was not always lacking a subdued feeling

of self-sacrifice before the altar of Art, when one had to prefer the theatre to a ramble among the fields. Here one goes to see "Parsifal" direct from the ordinary routine of London life, and, to our thinking, it is wholesomer that this should be. Bow Street is forgotten as soon as the Prelude begins, just as the fields used to be; but one has the consciousness that, when all is over, we shall still be our usual selves, willing to say to each other what we really think, instead of the half-intoxicated people we used to be at Bayreuth, unable to discuss the opera except in hushed tones and the broken accents of stupefied admiration.

As to the performance which the untiring labours of the Covent Garden management have given us, we are bold enough to say that we found it very good indeed. We have been told that the performances given a few years ago in New York were the best ever witnessed, but we are not bound to believe it. One who confessed to having been present at nearly forty Bayreuth performances said, safely enough, "I have heard better performances there, but also much worse." The novelty of the costumes here has disturbed the pious feelings of some who maintain that Bayreuth can do no wrong, but we found nothing in that respect to quarrel with, and the Knights, who are, after all, the most important people from the scenic point of view, were quite satisfying in look and in dignity of bearing.

Indeed, the scenes in the church were made as profoundly impressive as they ought to be. The moving scenery failed; but, as that was never to us a very satisfactory business at Bayreuth, we were not upset by the failure. The country scenes disturbed us more, especially so the spring landscape in the third act, which was even painfully garish and left nothing to the imagination. We were in the country of Mr. Vicat Cole rather than in that of Titian or Turner, and could not believe in Mr. Harker's blossoming thorns and emerald downs and azure rivulets. We should have preferred Mr. Granville Barker to arrange the scene as he has done for Oberon in Fairyland. The Garden of Klingsor, too, was terribly overblown, and not unlike the nightmare gardens that have troubled our sleep after a tour among modern "herbaceous borders." Klingsor's Garden should be horribly desirable, subtly sinister, poisonously alluring, full of suggestion. Too many flowers spoil the pleasure of a garden when they are packed together, and Klingsor's gardener, we are sure, cultivated Baudelaire's "fleurs pervers" to perfection, else he would have been sent away without a character. Except for some monstrous tubes (allied to Bignonia?), we discerned nothing that Messrs. Ware or Cutbush or Kelway would not like to grow if they could, and expose in fatiguing ranks at a "mammoth" flower show. We have yet to see the perfect magic garden. Mr. Harker's reminded us of what the Swiss Family Robinson might have come across and described in their travels. Kundry is really the most sympathetic character in the opera. A lovely woman who never seems to get what she wants, how should she be otherwise than sympathetic to a masculine heart? We are sorry for her; she never bores us as Parsifal and Gurnemanz

too often do. She deserves a garden of delight, even if it is really a garden from which the prudent would shrink from entering.

But how could any lady who called herself such like to live among those merely huge yellow and turnip-coloured blossoms? We liked Mme. Von der Osten; her voice is one of the most beautiful now to be heard, and her singing of Kundry's music was very fine. Had she had a garden of the right sort to help her, we think Parsifal would have been an even greater fool than he was, if he had not allowed her wiles to seduce him. As an actress she has not the compelling power of a Ternina or a Von Mildenburg, but her voice alone ought to carry any ordinary man off his feet. Parsifal himself, played by Garrick endowed with a voice of melody like Mario's, or played by Jean de Reszke in his prime, might have attracted one's love, or, at any rate, one's absorbed interest; but as played by an artist of the "meritorious" class among German singers, he is too likely to be rather tiresome. Amfortas has the better chance, and Herr Paul Bender, who appeared at the opening performance, was admirably in the picture. So, too, was the Gurnemanz, an old and valued friend at Covent Garden, Herr Knupfer. But not even if an archangel came to sing that part could Gurnemanz enchain our sympathies for long, especially in the first act. He is a blameless being, except that he is often dull, and does not know when to stop. We think of Wordsworth and how wisely Matthew Arnold edited him. When shall we have a musical Arnold who will present us with a sifted Gurnemanz whom we shall be able to admire thoroughly?

But if there are frailties on the stage in "Parsifal" which our candour requires us to recognise, it is true that Wagner has given us a veil so beautiful to soften their imperfections, that we can, without distress, put up with them. In none of Wagner's operas is the orchestra more distinctly the saving health than in "Parsifal." We may have to admit that the score shows itself to be the work of an older man than that of "Tristan," that the surface is thinner, that some of it reminds us of what had been said before and more magisterially. But, also, in none of the operas is the work of the orchestra more precisely the right interpreter of the doings on the stage; in none is Wagner's Mozart-like gift of writing in the special style needed more evident. What the singers sing does not so much matter, when the orchestra does its duty; and the body of players under Herr Bodansky is, we venture to say, superb, better than the type of orchestra at Bayreuth. Herr Bodansky does not share our impatience with Gurnemanz; he lets him have his say and linger over it as much as he likes. Perhaps he is too slow and deliberate. But he directs the tone of his players quite excellently, and we would not wish to have the beauties of the score brought out more clearly or more tactfully. Richter was weightier, no doubt, but he did not make the mingling of sounds more lucid.

Covent Garden, then, is to be congratulated and given a hearty vote of thanks. It is pleasant to know that appreciation of its work is general and ungrudging.

The Old Guard and New Views

IF he valued anything or believed in anything that is thought or written to-day, Mr. Grundy might be disgusted to know that, after reading his pamphlet, an admirer—in their day—of some twenty of the playwright's works, considered his latest diatribe an utterly unfair piece of rhetorical nonsense.

Possibly such a one may take a totally wrong view of the matter. This little book may be an example of the pamphleteer's fun. But really Mr. Grundy appears to be greatly out of temper. The ostensible causes are to be found in the kind of plays in which we are interested to-day and in Mr. John Palmer's volume, "The Future of the Theatre," in which we were not greatly interested.

All that so clever and successful a dramatist may have to say on the subject of the theatre deserves the fullest consideration, but unfortunately his style is not impressive, nor his bitterly didactical and bullying method conducive to agreeable or sane argument.

Being very cross with the author of "The Future of the Theatre" for mentioning several authors several times, he begins his present essay thus: "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" Well, Mr. John Palmer has written one, and the theatre ought to be very much obliged to him. For, like the majority of its contemporary critics, Mr. Palmer is its enemy." This is the first stage of a rhetorical outburst against many authors of our time who have done much to rid the stage of theatricality—not of the necessary artificiality and the art of the theatre, as Mr. Grundy appears to suppose. This outburst develops, as he goes forward, into a whirling tempest of vexatious words and stark abuse. His attacks become more and more gross until he expends his venom and ill-considered irascibility and—contradicts himself. Thus he parts with Mr. Palmer: "Our dreams are not identical, but they converge; and in his heart he feels, as I in mine, that for the drama, as for all things else, we are sufficient: Naught shall make us rue

If England to herself do rest but true."

This trite and somewhat doubtful quotation forms the feeble and contradictory end to a tirade against the dramatists of to-day that is as unworthy as it is unnecessary and untrue. With an egotism and prejudice which are surprising in a man of such varied gifts, Mr. Grundy praises the people of his day and damns those who follow him. He accounts it a virtue to himself and his friends that they were interested in the theatre before us. We, too, regret the matter, but Nature is like that. She insists on one generation following the other to the quiet grave. She also makes us hold views developed, doubtless, from those our fathers held. The intellectual communion between the generations which Mr. Wells seems to think a possibility of the future was not yet in the beginning of the twentieth century. Why should Mr. Grundy not

recognise this obvious fact? Why not accept the simple truisms of evolution and grant once and for all that young brains and old brains do not mate—save in cases of exceptional wisdom? He will not, however, accept such an idea. There are very many unjust and inconsistent statements in Mr. Grundy's forty pages. For example, the following wretched parable is printed in the forefront of his book:—

A Man of the Theatre, with half-a-crown in his pocket, once met a Man of Letters, with naught therein.

Said the Man of the Theatre, "The public will never have your new plays." "So be it," chortled the Man of Letters, "but we'll stop it having your old ones!"

Presently, they parted, and went their several ways; the Man of the Theatre, with naught in his pocket; the Man of Letters, with half-a-crown therein.

This implies an unworthy insult. A marked inconsistency is to be found in his heavy abuse of those foreign dramatists whose works have been enjoyed in London, authors who have immensely influenced our playwrights, even those who are admired by Mr. Grundy. This seems to us to come with a peculiarly ill grace from a man who has enjoyed such successes as "A Pair of Spectacles," founded on works that were not of native growth. There are inconsistencies in abundance, too, in his fable of "A Little City and a Few Men within It"—namely, the stageland of Mr. Grundy's youth. He says that "there is an ancient ordinance that none shall trade in that city who was not born there, or has not served a long and arduous apprenticeship which few survive." We do not believe in that disreputable ancient ordinance. It is seemingly intended to bar such welcome workers as Sir James Barrie or Mr. Henry James—was it upheld when Bulwer Lytton wrote for the stage or Browning's plays were produced? The fable of these noble dwellers in the city of the stage, eaten out of house and home by the ravening wolves of letters, is absurd. The playgoer is an independent person; he goes to see many things, and goes oftenest to the things he likes. He does not care whether the writer of the play he admires was brought up in the atmosphere of the stage or on the lawns of paradise. For any playwright, old or new, to pretend that a few men in a small city are to govern the supplies of the stage, that there is a certain caste or breed of people for this purpose, is to refuse freedom to humanity and stultify the rights of man. All interested in the art of the stage and the soul of man should read Mr. Grundy's book, for, unless they do so, they can have but a slight idea of his limited outlook. The clumsiness and unfairness of his statements astound, hurt, and repel us. He claims for his school of art every virtue of brain and heart; every mean vice he attributes to the workers of to-day, who toil in the field in which he laboured.

Mr. Grundy is not very old, neither are the men he names, frequently and bitterly, very young. We have lived a little in both periods, and we cannot pretend that the devotion to the things that greeted and en-

The Play of the Future. By SYDNEY GRUNDY, a Playwright of the Past. (Samuel French. 6d.)

livened our youth destroys our joy in the later or latest developments of the stage. Nor do we find that the old guard of the theatre is not still greatly honoured. Mr. Grundy writes as though we had befooled the gods of the past. We do not think that those who are, or were recently, his contemporaries would join in his lamentations. He gives the names of personages whom he considers have built up the glory of the English stage, which our generation is supposed to have dragged in the dust and made horrid. We take a few of these, and will show that although, according to Mr. Grundy, they made the playgoer of his period, they are none the less in the van of progress at the present time.

Only the other day we had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ellen Terry playing on the apron stage of the Savoy Theatre, perfectly adjusted to her environment, delightfully at home amid surroundings very different from those in vogue in the young days of herself and Mr. Grundy.

A few nights ago we heard the applause which greeted the revival of Mr. Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears."

Do Sir Herbert and Lady Tree complain of the modern spirit? We think, rather, that they have inspired much of the movement Mr. Grundy regrets.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has recently been immensely welcome for the extremely modern play he wrote for Miss Tempest.

Gilbert's last play, we think, was "The Hooligan," written for a very modern actor, and instinct with the bold spirit of our day.

All these names are in Mr. Grundy's list of the great ones who "built, four square, with beams of cedar and with planks of fir, and overlaid with gold the house of stone," we hypocrites are quaintly said to be yelping to devour.

The fact is the world of art is wide and free. Freedom is an essential quality, whether in the drama or any other form of art. In this pamphlet Mr. Grundy shows a narrowness of view, an egotism, and a conviction that he and the people of his period have chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from them, which would be disconcerting were it not that he so frequently knocks his arguments to pieces by misstatements and curious admissions.

After a page devoted to vituperative phrases about an imaginary race of undesirable young men who are supposed to govern the stage and the press, and incidentally, we presume, shut out Mr. Grundy, he decides to let such people hang in their own garters, and states in the well-worn line that he "had rather be a kitten and cry, Mew." This is not, of course, a compliment to that agreeable family of the friends of man, the cat. Often and often as we have seen the line quoted, we have not observed it before with a comma after the word cry and a capital letter for the last word. But then, perhaps, Mr. Grundy is being funny in his gracious Victorian way, and we have taken his spleenish outburst a trifle seriously.

EGAN MEW.

The Magazines

MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES is a man of courage. None knows better than he the risks, in these days, of starting a new periodical enterprise. He faces them confident that he has something to give which others provide in inadequate measure. He is also a man of public spirit, and that to some extent determines his courage. Does the public like the *Candid Critic*? We think it does. We shall better be able to judge when we know the reception it gives to Mr. Gibson Bowles' new *Candid Quarterly*. *Candid* papers so called have generally been failures, because they have been more "candid" than sincere, more outspoken than honest, concerned to be sensational, not truthful. Mr. Gibson Bowles will not make that mistake. His aim is "to deal with public affairs faithfully and frankly, and to treat them with candour having sole regard to the public welfare." Can this end be attained without lapse into party bias? In our humble opinion so much that is not for the public welfare is supported by one party that candour will induce a preponderance of opinion in favour of the other side, and it will be said that "Candid" is a synonym for Unionist. Quality and spirit will account for something, and Mr. Gibson Bowles is warmly to be congratulated on such articles as "The Kingship," "The New Corruption," "The Salaried Parliament," and "The National Insurance Act." They should all give a sober public "furiously to think." The *Candid's* reflections and argument on these four subjects, hackneyed as the subjects themselves are, would alone make the new quarterly notable: they show that there are fresh points of view to be taken and that fresh material is to be found. That great element in the public which is never strongly or consistently partisan, which claims to support one side or the other according as it detects merit in its policy and programme, will find in the pages of the *Candid* all it wants to assist decision on certain vital issues. Truth is writ large across this initial number. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*—and with it Mr. Gibson Bowles and his quarterly.

In the February number of the *English Review*, Mr. George Moore continues his article on "Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory." It is fitting that Mr. Moore should write on Synge, for he is himself a playboy, though that is not a thing for which one expects recognition in England. It would be ridiculous, for instance, to expect an attempt at accuracy from him. But the point is, that whereas Yeats will alter facts in order to heighten the "artistic" relation of his story, Mr. Moore will alter them in order to submit it to the cross-fire of his raillery. In the result Mr. Moore is, in spite of all, a salutary influence. It is good to read, for instance, what he has to say upon Yeats' introductions to Lady Gregory's books, even though we may not happen to agree with it. "An English Notebook of Voltaire" occupies the first place, chiefly because it has recently been found in St. Petersburg. It is strange to

discover the Voltaire idiom coming through his faulty use of a foreign tongue. That idiom, by the way, is compounded largely of salacity and irreverence; and in English these things wear neither lightness nor grace. Moreover, the cynic is, as cynics too often are, of a most credulous nature. The story of Cromwell and Milton will not pass muster. Mr. Scott-James in "The Real Decadent," examines the spirit of compromise in England to-day: and Mr. H. G. Wells continues his serial, "The World Set Free."

What we at once turned to in the *Fortnightly* was "Wordsworth at Rydal Mount," by John Eglinton. Confined by the relation of facts and the sequence of events he has not much opportunity for that taut excellence of style that we have come to associate with his name. The interest, that is to say, is with the subject rather than with the telling of it; but it is an article to be read. Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd writes on "Feodor Dostoevsky," and is well qualified to do so. It seems very desirable that writers on Russian subjects should come to some agreement on the transliteration of Russian names. Not that there is any fundamental difference; but the readers of the collected edition now being published will find the distinctions of spelling a little irritating. For a short account of Dostoevsky's life and doings Mr. Lloyd's article would be hard to beat. Mr. E. A. Baughan writes on "A Practical Repertory Theatre." There is not much that is new for him to say; and we may add he does not say it. But it is a good *resumé* of the possibilities.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there is a striking article entitled "The Parting of the Ways," by Mr. A. P. Nicholson, in which he gives his reason for relinquishing his connection with the Tory Press for the other side. He sees what he wishes to see, but writes carefully none the less. A most interesting sidelight on the journalism of the war-scare over the Armada is thrown by Mr. Wood in "The True History of the Fabrication of the 'Armada Mercuries.'" Quotation is necessarily a great part of its interest; and Mr. Wood quotes fully. Our chief complaint is that it is not so exhaustive as it might have been; but we shall keep it by us nevertheless. The present number is rather bare of literary matters.

In the *British Review* Mr. Clement Antrobus Harris writes on "The Music of the Novelists." Much might profitably have been said in criticism of the subject; but Mr. Harris relies chiefly on a mere *resumé* of the novelists and books that either deal with or mention music—surely rather a scanty basis for an article. The two best contributions in the number, however, are "The Unimportance of Politics," by Professor T. M. Kettle, and "The Unworldliness of Journalists," by G. K. Chesterton. Politics and journalism are subjects nearly allied; and both Professor Kettle and Mr. Chesterton are men who swear no excessive fealty to either matter. The consequence is that both articles make refreshing reading. Mr. Chesterton, especially, can be trusted to be entertaining while he is pungent; though in the present instance he curiously misses saying in clear terms what he has engaged himself to say. In the

Cornhill the series of Browning's unpublished poems is continued. We doubt if a real service is being done to Browning by these publications. If a poet decides to omit certain things from his published works, it seems to us that his wish should be respected. In the present "Sonnet addressed to the Memory of his Parents" there is no great merit, and we cannot help feeling that Robert Browning would have been better pleased had it been kept to the obscurity to which he had destined it. The best article is "Rory of the Glen," by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. Character studies like these, and studies of such characters, are always worth preserving; and a just enthusiasm is brought to the telling.

In the *Quarterly Review* Mr. R. H. Murray writes upon "The Evolution of the Ulsterman." History is not only just in the facts it states, but not less in the perspectives it employs; and by this standard Mr. Murray writes most unjustly. One need not object to his eulogy of the successful commercialism of the Ulsterman to feel acutely that his account of the state of affairs prior to the planting of Ulster is historically unsound and untrustworthy—not only in what he says, but mainly in what he implies. And when he says that "the forests resounded with the ceaseless axe . . . and new tenements and streets grew up under the magic power of industry," we wonder, having had a sight of the ghastly squalor of those same tenements and streets, whether the writer be in an ironical vein or not. Professor Case writes upon "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher" with learning and an excellent memory of the dramatic history of the time. Two essays of great literary interest are on "The Contemporary German Drama," by Mr. Garnet Smith, and "Modern Mysticism: Some Prophets and Poets," by Mr. Leslie Johnstone. They stand out in marked contrast to one another. Mr. Johnstone seems to understand as little of the drift of modern mystical thinking as Mr. Garnet Smith is able to take an over-sight of the tendency of German drama. Indeed, Mr. Smith's article is most useful and complete. Mr. Desmond McCarthy writes upon Samuel Butler, "The Author of 'Erewhon.'"

The Dominion of Canada, an illustrated monthly review, which made its appearance in December last and met with a cordial reception from Canadians in this country, has this month introduced important alterations and improvements. It has changed its cover, substituting an artistic for a stereotyped design. The magazine has not only enlarged its size and introduced new features, but has also reduced its price from 6d. to 3d. The new editor is Mr. J. V. Morton, late editor-in-chief of the *Birmingham Gazette*, and allied papers. The journal has a two-fold policy—to promote the consolidation of the Empire and to present to the British public the opportunities offered by Canada for sound investment of capital, for increasing trade, for building up new homes under brighter conditions and prospects than those prevailing in this country, and for travel and sport.

The winter number of *Bird Notes and News* prints

some striking opinions received from Continental countries with regard to Mr. Hobhouse's Plumage Bill; and a coloured picture of "Some Victims of the Plume-Trade" further helps to bring this question to the fore. It also contains title and index to Vol 5, reports on the Public School Essays Competition and the Bird and Tree Competitions, and interesting notes on the new Bird Protection Bill in Italy and the protection of swallows in France.

The Theatre

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy Theatre

HERE was no lack of collaboration at the Savoy. Mr. Cecil Sharp took in hand the music and the dances that play so inevitable a part in the Dream; Mr. Norman Wilkinson devised the decoration of the play—and, though decoration may seem an incidental matter, yet as it happened that was an essential part; Mr. Granville Barker undertook the general production. And it may be worth mentioning that one William Shakespeare was the author. Not that the presentation was not faithful to the inspiration of the author. Better in this than in any of his productions, Mr. Barker has felt, and realised, that the function of the producer is not to articulate himself apart from the author, but to let the author be perfectly articulate through him. The natural desire for a personal triumph obscures this; but in the present instance the play is of the sort that invites incidental business for its better interpretation. For this reason, in its fundamental idea, it departed less from the customary staging—such as the last production that London was given, at His Majesty's, some years ago, extensively mentioned in these columns at the time. Apart from the extended proscenium, or fore-stage—which, to be sure, is a distinction fundamental enough—and the substitution of nightmare-devils for fairies, the distinction was not challenging; and it was in the direction of wisdom.

It was an excellent idea, for instance, to call in the aid of Mr. Cecil Sharp for the dances. The result was, not that we had any more dances than usual—in point of fact, we actually had fewer—but that each of the dances, while perfectly adapted to the purpose of the play, had an authentic ring. This was no merely antiquarian matter. For ourselves, it matters little whether the dance be old or young so long as it is a convincing expression of a mood of pure joy. But there are two things we must remember: the first is that the present commercial age is not one that is given to the outbreaking of pure joy; the second is that Shakespeare, when he wrote the play, wrote it in the idiom of certain folk-dances that then prevailed. The joint result is the dances that Mr. Sharp has devised rang authentically, in both senses of the word. It was noticeable that he

did not slavishly reproduce the old dances, or the old music for them. Sometimes he made a most delicate mosaic out of them, that were again subject to Mr. Barker's happy groupings; with the result that they shook free from a mere antiquarianism. And in one case we are sure that the audience thought a dance was an invention, quaint and hearty, of the moment. The dance of three of the yokels, after their play before Theseus and Hippolyta, was a gem of appropriate humour. But it was also an actual old folk-dance.

The "decoration" by Mr. Norman Wilkinson has the great virtue of being less "decorative" than in the other Shakespearean productions by Mr. Granville Barker. That is to say, it is less a matter of external ornament, and more central to the purpose of the play, and that is all to the good. There was only one thing that, from our point of view, offended: and that was the second "drop," on which a cottage and its environments were painted in flat decoration. It created no illusion, on the one hand, and distracted, on the other. A simple curtain—with free-hand drawing, as with the first "drop"—would have satisfied the dialogue entirely, without distracting the eye. The forest scene, however, was a beautiful conception. It had the very great merit of being perfectly simple, while at the same time arrestingly beautiful—not a usual combination on the stage. There was the suggestion of a forest clearly conveyed to the mind without the intrusion of mock tree-trunks: and the conical bank that occupied the centre of the rear-stage was an excellent and purposeful idea that helped the illusion of the tree-drapery. Mr. Wilkinson has never done better than this; and, as against it, it was possible to see the occasion of the bronzed and bewiskered imps that served as fairies, without agreeing to them. Mr. Barker utilised them well in the very happy groupings he devised for them, and so their oddity was lost in a sense of proportion; but nevertheless they reminded one irresistibly of diminutive and fantastic examples of Harry Richmond's father playing the statue of Prince Albrecht. There was nothing aerial or essential about them. The nursery variety of the "fairy" bears no relation, of course, to the authentic presences of the earth; but they are at least less an artist's mere invention than these bronze-green imps from an outrageous nightmare. Their chief use was that they helped Mr. Barker to get some very beautiful effects in grouping.

The acting throughout was admirable. It is time that Mr. Baliol Holloway overcame the twisting to and fro of his body while speaking verse; but his elocution was good, and he made a fine Theseus, with Miss Evelyn Hope as a worthy partner in Hippolyta. Miss Laura Cowie as Hermia was exquisite. To see her action while speaking the lines—

How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto your eyes,

or, again, "Lower! hark again," was to know enjoyment undefiled. Miss Lillah McCarthy as Helena had a graceless task by comparison, and she did not seem to

rescue its difficulty sufficiently by dignity. Mr. Denis Neilson-Terry and Miss Christine Silver took the parts of Oberon and Titania. We did not envy Miss Silver in a "coat-of-mail" that did not spare her face, but she spoke her lines well; and Mr. Neilson-Terry found a part that suited him in Oberon. His slightly affected pronunciation and intonation became a "fairy" attribute instead of being lack of robustness in a mortal part.

Yet, apart from Miss Cowie, the chief of the praise must be reserved for the yokels with their play. They were yokels, not the traditional stage-clowns; and thus their humour was human and refreshing instead of being merely tedious. Bottom, the one man among them who can mobilise his thoughts quickly, and so take the leadership of his fellows, was played by Mr. Nigel Playfair; and in spite of some hesitation and uncertainty in opening he played it with convincing heartiness. Mr. Arthur Whitby was admirable as Peter Quince throughout. The only feature that quite departed from the spirit of the original was the counterfeit wall with which Snout was encased. It detracted from the humour, was cumbersome, and altogether without excuse. It marred the humanity of the yokels: an excellent example of which was given in the speaking of the words: "All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the Moon; I, the Man in the Moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog," by Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling. The pathos of it, simple and querulous, was one of the memorable things of an excellent production.

D. F.

"Broadway Jones" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THIS is one more specimen of the class of play which has long been thoroughly successful in America, and having been seen there by an actor-manager is now, doubtless at vast expense, spread before us for our delight.

We regret to say that Mr. George M. Cohan's four-act piece does not contain an idea, a word of dialogue, or a single character which is either amusing or interesting to the accustomed playgoer. It is called a new farcical play. What is there new in the statement that a stupid young man, Broadway Jones, has spent a fortune, has become engaged to an elderly lady on account of her money, has succeeded to the family chewing-gum factory, and become enamoured of the pretty young lady who runs the business? What is there farcical in the long drawn situations in regard to a temperance drink having a little whisky in it or the lugubrious statements of a heavy-looking boy, in short and would-be comic trousers, that he may some day be a great man? In one scene Jones' friend, Wallace, is elaborately sent to a barber's shop. When he returns he presents us with the splendid piece of information that the hairdresser once

shaved the Mayor. "What did he do to the horse?" is the brilliant reply by Jones. Certainly the audience near us did not laugh much at that, but they did at strong expressions about hell, the devil, and by God. We scanned quite closely the persons who were amused by such phrases, but their faces were not unusual, their manners sane, their conduct told us nothing of their hidden source of joy.

Perhaps we have reiterated too often our desire to welcome American plays and then proved ourselves faint in praise when we have been allowed to see them. Unfortunately, we are fully justified; both in our desire to see the successes of the States reproduced in London and in our blank disappointment when they appear. That such an arrangement of nonsense as "Broadway Jones" should be presented to the public seems to us to be a bitter insult, but, for the sake of those interested in the fortunes of this chewing-gum romance, we trust that we may be proved in the wrong, and that the courage which enables the management to put such a play on the stage will be rewarded as it deserves. The acting is perfectly adjusted to the quality of the play. Mr. Seymour Hicks revels in the impossible person of Jones. He rushes, dashes and rattles. He uses his hands and arms in the most curious ways; he never spares himself or us for a moment. He listens to the balderdash the other characters speak as though it were a matter of life and death; he is alert, lynx-eyed, and tremendously interested in nothing.

The whole performance is emptiness and vanity. Had Miss Ellaline Terriss anything to do or anything to say that was worthy of consideration she would, we feel sure, be most engaging. As it is, her beauty and charm, the sweet note in her voice, all pass for nothing, for the author has given her no chance of showing her vital qualities. She is not human, although—apart from the play—we are quite prepared to consider her divine. Then there is Mr. William Lugg as the Vice-President of the Consolidated Chewing-Gum Co. He has a good deal to say about the squalid matter of which he is vice-president. It appears to interest him, and we are glad about that, for no one else, we fear, will value his speeches. As for the rest of the cast, many of its members are accomplished people who represent empty and inhuman stage types. They all work heroically in the useless task of trying to make "Broadway Jones" an intelligent and possible piece of work.

"The Tyranny of Tears" at the Comedy Theatre

THE revival of plays of ten or fifteen years ago is not usually a very lively business. Time is not kind to our comedies; nine hundred and ninety-nine die out of a collection of a thousand. But Mr. Haddon Chambers has given us something vital—and easily refreshed by a few clever touches of the author—in his play of the manners of the married. Each character lives its little

hour before our eyes; we have no difficulty about believing them to be real, the author sees to it that the whole affair runs smoothly and that we are not excited, but interested, not wildly hilarious, but comfortably amused; not greatly informed or preached at, but gently instructed how to avoid our follies, how to show more consideration for others, how to live our tiny day without irritating the nerves of those who are about us and those we love.

It is so long since we saw Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore play the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Parbury that we are not inclined to compare them with Mr. Loraine and Miss Ethel Irving. We know they are totally different people, the Parburys of to-day, and that they are equally in the picture and equally vivid. And we know that the woman who rules her husband by some form of peevishness, tears, and the whole arcanum of the unwise and unamiable, will always be with us.

But Mr. Chambers sets before us the comedy of such things with so light a touch, such a gay, neat, engaging manner, that the result is entertainment and delight. Miss Ethel Irving handles the difficult character of Mrs. Parbury, who bullies her husband with pseudo kindness, with infinite skill. She does not make the wife an agreeable person, but she makes her beautiful, and in a way attractive and real. The sincerity of the change of heart at the end of the play, although sudden, is cleverly treated by the actress, so that we believe in it—at the moment when the curtain comes down. What we feel in the homeward taxi, Mr. Chambers may say has nothing to do with the play or the actress. Although Mrs. Parbury holds our attention closely, she is not alone in that characteristic. Every part in the play is a good part. As Parbury, Mr. Loraine is at his very best. He has, we are thankful to say, laid aside the Wyndham *timbre* in his voice and released himself from the restlessness which he acquired, we fancy, in America. We have never seen him so convincingly and truly the man he played. You remember the delightful secretary, Hyacinth Woodward, who kissed her employer's photograph, in a maternal mood, and was discovered by Mrs. Parbury in the act—she is made more agreeable than ever by the accomplished and reticent acting of the beautiful Miss Evelyn D'Alroy. Mr. Fred Kerr, too, is at his very best as the soft-hearted cynic, George Gunning; while Mr. Alfred Bishop contents himself, and us, by being Colonel Armitage, the worried father of Mrs. Parbury, and not obviously acting the character.

On the whole we can imagine no more perfect cast for an amusing, light, and yet distinguished comedy than that chosen for "The Tyranny of Tears." If you have seen the play many times before you will enjoy it again. If you do not know this, perhaps, the cleverest of Mr. Haddon Chambers' comedies, you may well hasten to Panton Street to enjoy his wit, his philosophy, his pretty sentiment—and above all the admirable acting.

The Drama Society at the Rehearsal Theatre

WE have not had the opportunity of knowing much of the work of this society hitherto, but now we gather that it is the nursery of ardent spirits. Here are made visible the hints of things to come; talent is seen in its most immature forms, hopes half realised, ideals not quite understood. The first one-act play given is

"POUDRE D'AMOUR,"

by Mr. Aldon Roen. It is a piece difficult to act, but it has potentialities. Margot, a beautiful girl of the town, who loves and is loved by an honest man, is a stage-character with possibilities. Miss Eve Balfour, who plays the part, has charm and tenderness and a sense of the theatre, but a much more careful production than that given last Sunday is required to enable the author to get his ideas across the footlights. Margot is tempted to marry Arthur, a straightforward young artist. But the nobility of her character obliges her to send him away, and she falls back into her old and hopeless life. That is all, but under better conditions it would be enough.

Naturally, one makes every allowance for a first performance that is arranged on a tiny stage for only one evening; still, the actors of the Drama Society would do themselves more justice if they took the trouble to remember their words and rehearsed the action and stage business more thoroughly.

"DAMAGES,"

by Mr. A. von Herder, suffers as does Mr. Roen's little play. There is a cynical boldness and directness in the idea of an Indian army doctor, poor, and tired of his wife, who accepts all her lover is prepared to give as "damages," and is prepared to let the affair go at that. Here, again, the acting did not convince, but showed plentiful signs of intention rather than of accomplishment.

"BARN Y BRODYR."

Plays in a language only partly understood always have an attraction for us, and certainly Mr. T. R. Evans' "The Voice of the Brethren" gives one's imagination full scope. It is a Carnarvon play in Welsh which tells of a local strike and the change of mind of a hitherto devout Chapel worker to agnosticism. This man, Dai Williams, hurts his mother and loses his lover by his social and non-religious attitude; the play ends by the girl of his heart praying for his return to the fold. The excellent production was assisted by Mr. J. O. Francis, the author of "Change," which we praised some time ago, and the whole presentation was far more careful than the plays that went before it.

During an interval Miss Edyth Olive recited several poems by Richard Middleton with admirable vocal effect. But this accomplished lady had to do her work with the light so arranged that it fell in floods of colour near her feet and left her face masked by grotesque shadows, thus robbing her of some of her power over a highly sympathetic audience.

Mr. Walker Whiteside at the Queen's Theatre

THERE is more art in Mr. Israel Zangwill's American-Russian-Jewish play, "The Melting Pot," than we at first supposed. For this often tiresome drama now provides an American actor whom we have not hitherto been privileged to see with an opportunity of displaying his undoubted gifts. Although the thesis of the play itself, which postulates that "America is God's crucible" in which all the nations of the earth and all the religions shall be sublimated and made beautiful, does not interest or convince us, there is certainly a chance to show idealism and passion and terror on the part of the young Hebraic violinist, David Quixano. Without undervaluing the excellent stage work of Mr. Harold Chapin, who played Quixano when we last wrote of Mr. Zangwill's play, it must be freely owned that he made the part absurd. Mr. Walker Whiteside, on the contrary, has moments, even minutes, when he makes us believe in the affairs of the play and in the curious personality of Quixano. As we have not seen Mr. Whiteside act any other character, we cannot judge how generally accomplished he may be, and we therefore accept his present performance as typical work, and we can compliment him and ourselves on the fact that he is often an extraordinary artist. In seeing the drama as it was presented by the Play-Actors at the Court Theatre and in reading it in book form* we were not convinced of the strange mystery, perhaps madness, which lies within David's character. But Mr. Whiteside shows all that, and charm and grace and distinction as well.

He makes the play a possibility. There are few other changes in the cast. Miss Bensusan still gives her remarkable sketch of an old Jewish woman deeply immersed in the convention of her people, weary with suffering, yet still believing in her family and the glories of a Zion she sees clearly enough beyond the mists of common life. That admirable actor, Mr. Edward Sass, now plays the difficult part of Baron Revendal, and sometimes almost persuades us to believe in him. Miss Phyllis Relph is still the Russian-American Christian girl, Vera Revendal, who loves and is loved by David. Miss Gillian Scaife still plays Vera's stepmother, the Baroness Revendal, with grace and character, and Mr. Alderson gives the conventional musician, Herr Pappelmeister, with the same thoroughness and force as heretofore.

But it is the new David that will interest all lovers of the ever-varying art of acting. Mr. Walker Whiteside is original and exotic and, fortunately, quite outside and beyond the average American actor who graces our stage in semi-sentimental plays. Mr. Whiteside possesses a quaint but distinguished style; his shy, sly way of taking a call would alone place him among the masters of stage finesse and enable him to teach our own comedians the wisdom of the serpent and the tenderness of the dove.

EGAN MEW.

Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute

THE supreme art of the portrait painter is, of course, to penetrate the characteristic self of his subject, which he will express as he understands it. No doubt, such a characterisation will not always be perfectly just, for the man of generous temperament will recognise and lay stress upon what is best in the mind and person of his sitter; another, cynically sensitive to the "thousand peering littlenesses," will seize and express these with a pitiless skill not far removed from cruelty. In this exhibition we note with pleasure the prevalence of the kindlier and more sympathetic spirit.

The first five pictures are the work of Mr. Alan Beeton, striking and sincere achievements. The portrait of "Letitia Dale" shows a worn face full of character and goodness. Nos. 2 and 4—apparently portraits of the same individual—give a powerful suggestion of a political fanatic, with drawn face and sunken eyes, full of that fire and conviction which may just as well lead a nation to ruin as to anything else, for want of steady reasoning power behind. The seated figure of a girl in purple, with dark furs, against a dim, receding background, is very striking in its sincerity: we like, too, "La petite blonde aux yeux mauves," which depends for its effect on the very clever scheme of colouring, rather than the face half-covered by the hand on which it leans. Mr. Louis Ginnett exhibits a "Head of a Girl," unobtrusively and harmoniously coloured, and full of grace and charm.

But beyond doubt the most successful artist in the exhibition is Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly, whose small study of a girl's head, which he calls "Reyes," is exceedingly beautiful, in the subtlety of its technique, the quiet richness of its colouring, and the simple pathos of its subject—the work, in short, of a genuine artist who may achieve great things. Hard by is another picture by the same artist in totally different style, "Alma de mi Alma," though the appeal is not so poignant, nor does it express the same tenderness of feeling. A Spanish girl in a costume of dazzling white stands finely posed against a dark background, with one hand on her hip and a pink fan open in the other. The flesh tints are beautifully painted, and the radiance of self-conscious and even arrogant loveliness is wonderfully expressed. Another striking portrait from the same hand is "A Man of Letters," a noble literary face well caught. We are not greatly enamoured of Mr. Oswald Birley's contributions; by far the best is the clever but distinctly unpleasing portrait of Mr. Ellis Griffith, in which the artist is at no pains to soften the cynical temperament of his sitter. Far more pleasing is the picture of Colonel Spottiswoode, in which the characteristics of a kindly English gentleman are well caught. Considerable cleverness in harmonisation of colour marks the portrait of a lady in a blue dress seated at a piano in a large room, in which some daring contrasts are cleverly managed. There is

* *The Melting Pot*. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. A Drama in Four Acts. (William Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

some Raeburnesque handling in Mr. Waldo Murray's portrait of "Brownell Cornwallis, Esq.," though both he and others who have essayed to follow in the footsteps of this master in respect of broad brush-work are apt in so doing to endow their sitters with exceedingly ill-fitting clothes. Mr. Martine Ronaldson produces something of a *tour-de-force* in his picture, "The Attorney's Daughter," in which a pleasant-looking girl is seated at a luncheon-table, with her back to a window, through which a strong light pours into the room. The shadowed face against the window, modified by the reflected light from the white tablecloth, is very skillfully expressed. But whether an equally charming effect could not have been reached by less complicated methods is to us uncertain.

Mr. R. G. Eves contributes an excellent portrait of Mr. H. B. Irving, straightforward and honest, in which the art is so cleverly concealed that many will think that it is not there; but the picture is, in fact, one of the best in the exhibition, and owes nothing to eccentricity or trickery. Two delightful pictures by Mr. Sholto Douglas are his "Portrait Group" of two girls *en plein air*, in which the prevailing white is handled with considerable skill, and the figures are posed naturally and gracefully; and the charming half-length of Miss Cerasoli, a very happily conceived and broadly painted work in singularly clear and beautiful colour. Mr. W. B. E. Ranken exhibits in another room a number of bold and clever studies for the large picture which he calls "Lifeguards," a stiff and unpleasing work, and a most disappointing outcome of the studies referred to. Mr. George Bell's "Nancy" deserves mention as a live piece of work; and another of Mr. Kelly's Spanish subjects, "La Gananciosa," strikes one again by its purity and brilliance of colour and the easy grace of the model. Mr. Glyn Philpot sends a successful but rather self-conscious head of "The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres," in which the really fine qualities of the sitter are rather obscured by the too obviously literary get-up. A rather daring picture is that of "Mme. Karsavina as Tamar," a riot of flaming colour and vigorous pose, in which the tragedy is obvious, though, perhaps, slightly overdone.

In the second gallery one is struck at once by Mr. Binney Gibbs' picture of "A Young Violinist," a young girl in a blue dress, with earnest face, standing, with her violin, against a dark background—a work of real art, which steadily improves upon acquaintance. Mr. R. E. F. Maitland's portrait of Mrs. Price is a wonderfully clever study, practically in black and white—a portrait with considerable humour. But certainly among the first two or three pictures in the exhibition is Mr. William Ablett's astonishingly clever portrait of "Mlle. G. C.," a large-scale study of a girl of thirteen or so, sitting with hands crossed on a white Empire chair in a blue dress against a light green background. The head is slightly turned towards the beholder, and the whole thing, in spite of its flat decorative treatment, is marvellously natural, and full of subtle understanding of dawning womanhood. Mr. Ablett contributes another fine "Portrait Sketch" of a

lady in summer draperies on a verandah bathed in brilliant sunshine, in which the prismatic blend of clear colours is superbly handled. There is no little appreciation of character in Mr. Colyn Thomson's small studies, "Miss Dorothy Baines" and "The Black Toque"; the former is perhaps the more subtle. A delightfully natural and unaffected study of boyhood is Mr. F. C. Mulock's "Jack Boord," though the interest of the great dog rather overshadows that of the boy himself. Mr. Mark Milbanke's portrait of Sir William Ramsay is almost pre-Raphaelite in its wealth of minuteness of detail; but the central figure stands out broadly, nevertheless; the pose is excellent, and the face full of nobility and force. We like, also, his delightful full-length seated portrait of "Mlle. Nicole d'Alsace," which, though slightly inclined to hardness, is expressive of a very distinct personality. Much the same praise may be awarded to Mr. Hayward's portrait of his wife, which is marked by an originality which compels attention. Mr. Ivan Lindhé contributes some strangely brilliant portraits, somewhat hard in handling, but full of life and character—those of Mrs. Lester Reid and M. Paul Cambon are both of them remarkable and compelling works.

As usual, the third room is given up to drawings and paintings, mostly of the nature of studies, some of them for pictures exhibited in the other rooms. The best work is shown by Mr. G. W. Lambert, whose studies are full of character and even of humour. Mr. F. W. Carter's two sketch portraits, "Yvonne" and "Suzanne," are hard to forget, and Mr. Waldo Murray's "Miss Graham" is a perfectly delightful sketch portrait. The illustrated catalogue is a little tantalising, inasmuch as few of the best works in the exhibition are selected for illustration.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

"IN a matter in which the hopes and the fears of so many of my subjects are keenly concerned, and which, unless handled now with foresight, judgment, and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties, it is my most earnest wish that the good-will and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissension and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement." Thus spoke the King, and it was the keynote of Tuesday's debate. The sun was shining brightly at 2 p.m. when the Life Guards swung round Westminster Hall, followed by the procession of carriages and the King and Queen in the old-fashioned crystal coach. It was difficult to imagine that this was the opening of a session bound to be fraught with so much to the Empire and all the Empire means. Members and their wives and children stood on the pavement and chatted easily with their neighbours, regardless of their politics.

I saw the King and Queen alight, and then I made

my way into the House of Lords. Here the scene seemed especially bright and magnificent. The peeresses had never seemed fairer or more beautifully dressed, set off as they were by the brilliant uniforms of the men. The splendid Cullinan diamond glittered in the corsage of the Queen, whilst a long wave of light ran down the fair foreheads of the peeresses as the electric gleams flashed on the diamonds in their coronets.

The Proposer and Seconder of the Address in the Commons made sensible speeches, with a note of conciliation here and there.

Walter Long then rose to move an amendment to the Address, to the effect that the Government ought to appeal to the country before passing the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Long made several good points, but he is essentially one who speaks better when he has no notes. This time he had too many notes, and too often referred to them. He quoted the magnificent simile which Bright made use of during the Crimean War, "when the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death could almost be heard in our midst." He said it was only due to the magnificent leadership of Sir Edward Carson that the Angel of Death had not already appeared in Ulster. He it was who had kept the peace owing to the confidence the men of the North had in his leadership. There was a silly laugh from the Government back bench at this which was hushed at once by an angry snarl from the Unionists. The former had evidently received instructions not to be provocative. Ramsay MacDonald had risen on a point of order to complain that the action of the Opposition was unprecedented; for over thirty years the House had always had at least one day's general debate on the Address before amendments were moved. Was it in order to move an amendment at once? The Speaker ruled that it was, and Long curtly said that "the situation was unprecedented." He got in one or two heavy punishing blows which made Asquith wince and McKenna nod his head doubtfully like a Chinese mandarin. "You talk of safeguards and supremacy, yet you dare not interfere in South Africa," was one.

After speaking for forty minutes, Long sat down, and Asquith rose amid loud cheers from his own side at 5.35.

He spoke lightly and flippantly at first. The belief that Home Rule would not follow the Parliament Act if they were successful at the 1910 Election was a myth. I do not think, he said, that "in the whole history of anthropology there has ever been a case in which a myth was so quickly crystallised into a creed." This was very elaborate, and the House looked puzzled. He quoted Lord Lansdowne, but it only served to prove that statesman's foresight. "I think you are trifling with the subject," said Carson sourly.

He then changed his note. He admitted the gravity of the situation, and asked for time to consider the whole matter. He frankly admitted that initiative lay with the Government, but said the finances of the country must be carried on, and practically intimated

that before March he would lay further proposals before the House.

It was a capital speech from his point of view. It took the wind clean out of the sails of the younger members of the Opposition who were bent upon a row. They had made up their minds to make business impossible if a reasonable spirit was not shown; but Asquith with his quick eye for the situation followed the earnest words of the King's Speech and was all sweet reasonableness.

Clavell Salter, a sound lawyer and capital speech-maker, was put up to reply whilst Bonar Law considered the position.

The House emptied into the Lobby and also considered the position. Some men thought Asquith's speech was a climb-down; others wondered what Redmond would have to say about it; whilst the majority agreed that the speech was a masterly piece of dexterity. He had removed the cap from the bombshell. He had snatched the torch from the hands of the Opposition back-benchers, and time would be given to the House to quiet down. After all, in face of the terrible danger of civil war, no one could complain of a delay to enable the Government "to consider itself."

At dinner the House practically emptied, but those who stayed were rewarded by hearing a fine speech from Austen Chamberlain.

He hit the nail on the head when he said: "Why was not this done before? The Prime Minister had put off the evil day, and even now, on the brink of the precipice, he pleaded for further delay. I cannot believe that he has not made up his mind, or [with a glance at Redmond] is he waiting for someone else?"

The younger Tories cheered. The debate had not quite turned out as they had expected, but the Prime Minister seemed at last to be alive to and admit the seriousness of the situation.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

NAVAL ARMAMENTS—THE DAWN OF REASON

ALL doubts as to whether the Government would surrender to the agitation within the Liberal Party in favour of armament reduction were set at rest by the lucid and statesmanlike pronouncement of Sir Edward Grey, the chosen spokesman on this occasion for the Cabinet. The Foreign Minister, in that simple though forcible language of which he is the master, set forth a policy of which England may well be proud. We are not afraid of war. We are, as ever, jealous of our national honour, and prepared at the instant to rebuke insolence and repel aggression. But, at the same time, we approach this question of armaments with a sane and open mind. In the first place, as a commercial nation we realise the utter imbecility of the ship and gun competition now being waged

throughout the world. In the second place, situated as we are in the vanguard of civilisation, we deplore the wicked and sinister intent that lies behind such competition and its grim emblems. Nor is our policy restricted to pious aspiration. We are ready, whenever the world will go with us, to attempt to devise practical schemes with which to give expression to our hope.

Cynics with the purview of a pedlar may continue to declare their adhesion to the doctrine that the strength of a nation rests in the abundance and quality of its powder. For a long time they had the experience of the past to guide and support them. Recent history, however, has shown that the heavy burden of armaments is grinding the very spirit out of the nations, and that, so soon as these armaments are employed in the deadly and destructive work for which they are raised, the victorious suffer in no less degree than the defeated. When statesmen of the calibre of Sir Edward Grey publicly subscribe to the theories advanced by Norman Angell, men with less pretensions to seriousness may well drop their ridicule and begin to have faith in force other than that emanating from cordite. Unfortunately we have too long been governed by general fallacies such as appeal to the very lowest attributes in human nature. For example, living soldiers, and many others who are anything but soldiers, still subscribe to the idea that war occasionally is necessary for the vitality of a race. This theory, though entirely disproved by competent authorities who have made special investigations on the subject, is frequently to be heard in places where the atmosphere is convivial, as, for instance, after dinner, in the smoke-room and occasionally at afternoon tea in the suburban drawing-room. Clever individuals fond of paradox derive endless satisfaction out of the fanciful belief that for perpetuation there is nothing quite so stimulating as extermination. Happily for the sake of universal progress, civilisation and prosperity are not in the keeping of tatlers of this description.

We discern as one of the most remarkable tendencies of our times a growing and healthy movement in the direction of real international goodwill. It is inevitable, where the ideal is grand, that progress should be slow. That such progress is perceptible, however, is a matter for rejoicing. Likewise it is inevitable that with a movement of the kind indicated there should be associated extremists and cranks, all well-meaning enough, but so enthusiastic to reach the ultimate goal as to oppose with eccentric gesture the steady march of the men of sane effort. It is true, as we have just said, that progress can be only very slow. For the revolution which it is sought to encompass must involve fundamental changes in the fixed ideas held by a large section of humanity to-day. The remedy for the evil will be found in widespread education extending from the highest to the lowest throughout the earth. Statesmen themselves stand in need of enlightenment, and on that account we welcome strong though pacific pronouncements like that of Sir Edward Grey. Many wars have been brought about solely

because of the vanity of men occupying illustrious positions in the State, and for this reason it is well that Kings and their Ministers constantly reiterate the policy of peace with honour, thus teaching their circle to condemn ambitious ventures and to applaud only that statecraft which is inspired by a generous love of humanity. Instructed from above, the squalid bickerings of political parties must in turn be silenced. And finally we look forward to the day when the masses, too, will be taught the proper proportions of patriotism.

In a former article in *THE ACADEMY* we alluded at length to the contemporary manifestations inclining towards international comprehension. Here we went so far as to assert that there are practical evidences in sight of true progress in the direction of the peace ideal. It is to-day well understood that any writer employing this last theme refers particularly to the relations existing between England and Germany. Sir Edward Grey, though speaking in the reserved language of diplomacy, clearly intended that his words should be thoroughly understood by the Wilhelmstrasse. Reading through the lines of the response from Berlin, and taking into consideration other equally significant circumstances, we are fully convinced that the moment has arrived when some definite arrangement on the question of armaments may be arrived at between the two great Powers whose furious rivalry has for many years past thrown the shadow of war over Europe. Let us be emphatic on one point. Before an arrangement between Governments can be arrived at, political parties in Great Britain must sink their differences on the subject of armaments. Germany at last appears to have made up her mind. Responsible statesmen, speaking on her behalf, have declared a willingness to be content with a sixty per cent. margin of British naval superiority. The obstacle to be overcome lies in the difficulty to convince them that such margin can be rigid—that is to say, incapable of expansion, by reason of Colonial additions and the sudden acquisition of ships building in England for Foreign Powers. Nevertheless, there is surely here disclosed room for round-table negotiation, and with the exercise of consideration on both sides we see no reason why an arrangement, binding to both sides, should not be drawn up. But to revert to the original standpoint—is it not apparent to all impartial minds that, so long as political parties are unable to agree as to what degree of naval strength is required for the safety of Great Britain, Germany cannot be expected to repose implicit trust upon the mere verbal assurances of a Government temporarily in office?

Mr. Alan Glen, who has studied singing and dancing with Miss Marie Brema, and who recently took part in the "Joan of Arc" performances at Covent Garden during the Raymond Roze season, has been specially summoned to Brussels, where, at the end of this week, he fills an engagement as solo dancer. Mr. Glen takes with him the Cecil Sharpe morris-dancers, who will make their first appearance across the Channel.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERY day makes it the more apparent that the Baby Boom has become very tired. Brokers tell me that they get no more orders to buy shares, and even the investment brokers who supply banks, insurance companies and Trusts admit that the appetite of their clients has been satisfied. This is very sad. We all hoped that 1914 would be a glorious boom year in which the City would make a fortune. There seems little likelihood that our hopes will be fulfilled. The future, so far as I can foresee it, would appear favourable for holders of gilt-edged stocks, but unhappy for every other class of share. For example, the whole of Central and South America has entered upon a reaction. In Brazil the South is determined no longer to finance the North. Already a separation of the two areas is openly discussed. The North is Royalist, the South Republican; the North almost bankrupt, the South short of money, but quite capable of holding its own. Brazil is in a bad way. In the Argentine the boom has come to an end. Nothing can stop this great country, but a reaction was inevitable, and it has come. We must count upon declining traffics and dull trade. We shall be lucky if we escape more serious trouble. Paraguay and Colombia would appear less affected. They may continue to make progress. But Peru is in a troubled condition, and the revolution which deposed Billinghurst may be but the beginning of further *émeutes*. In Chili the good days have passed, and the peso is still depreciated. Chili has missed her chance. Rich as she is, business-like as her people are, the depreciated coinage must weigh heavily upon the commerce of the land. Uruguay would appear in happier mood. Here we get better news, and the loan just floated will give the country its required impetus. But on the whole the South of America seems to have a clouded future to face.

Every day brings forth half a dozen new issues. The Belgian Loan was greedily sought for and now commands a high premium. The Canada Steamship Debentures are

well received, but can only be considered as a risk. The Regal Fire may succeed, but those who apply should understand that the venture is speculative. The Allsopp Prior Lien Debenture appears fairly well received, but unless the brewery can improve its management, I should not care to hold the security. The Pekin Syndicate took advantage of the low Bank Rate to sell its Chinese Railway Bonds, and they went well. They were cheap. I do not care for the Canadian Northern Debentures, in spite of the fact that Lazard's backed the issue. The Trinidad Fours are Trustee, and good. Maisonneuve Fives were taken well. The Selfridge Preference are a good industrial. The business is admirably managed. But I could not advise anyone to invest in Hudson's Consolidated Prefs. The promotion schemes of this concern are not to my taste. Chenderiang Tin is in honest hands, and may succeed. The Guardian Realty of Canada may be left to those closely in touch with the local conditions.

The MONEY MARKET seems to me harder. But there was ample money for the Stock Exchange settlement; indeed, brokers declare that they have seldom been offered so much or at such low rates. Nevertheless, as I say, I suspect that we may get harder rates. I do not look for any rise in the Bank Rate, but I cannot believe in the reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which is talked of in some quarters. Gold is gradually dribbling away, and India, Paris, and Berlin may continue to absorb small lots. But if trade remains dull we need fear no rise. The feature of the week has been the Russian demand. It is one I do not understand, for there are few nations so well supplied with gold. However, Russia wants gold, and she gets it.

FOREIGNERS are not happy. There is a growing feeling that Brazil may default, and this uneasiness, joined to further trouble in Paris, where stock is on sale all the time, affects London. The Peru market is held up, but I think Peru Prefs. may be safely sold. Tintos are firm on the American figures, which, taken by themselves, are promising, but taken in conjunction with the European statistics are simply impossible to understand. In my opinion they are faked. Russians are kept steady, but Paris selling is a factor against any big rise. Hungarians are still too cheap. I also think cheap money must put up German Threes, and Italians are undervalued.

HOME RAILS are spotty. The Caledonian dividend was a bad shock. Not even the most cynical of us suspected

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THREE YEARS' GUARANTEE

so bad a result. The House took the Ayrshire distribution well. I confess that I expected better news. Evidently the Scottish lines have had heavy expenses throughout the year. The North Stafford dividend was excellent. We must now wait for the Heavies. The Great Central managed to pay 2 per cent. on the 1894 Prefs. I expected a full dividend here, but many looked for something on the Preferred ordinary. This was being sanguine to madness. The results to date are on the whole disappointing. Presumably the companies are not making the best show possible. They will never get another year like 1913, and they should have paid record dividends. But the average hardly shows any improvement upon 1911.

YANKEES are quite disorganised. The decision to reconstruct Rock Island can have surprised no one. It has long been inevitable. But those behind the scenes have ample funds, and they will by means of a twenty dollar assessment place the road in a sound position. Also they will probably wipe out the present complicated system of holding companies. Then we shall know where we are in Rocks. To-day we don't. New York Centrals remain weak. The road is not doing well, and the persecution—I can call it nothing else—still threatens. The peculiar thing in the Yankee market is the continued strength of Steels—due possibly to the "bear" position. The Trust is not doing well—everyone knows it, and everyone has sold short. Denvers will possibly follow Rocks, reconstruct, and assess; no one should hold either.

RUBBER keeps very hard. The financial position in Brazil is so bad that no one dare hold any stock, and the price of fine hard-cured Para dwindles. Here the exact opposite applies. Cheap money allows the "bull" brigade to buy Plantation and hold it up. This puts up the price of the shares, and gives the Trusts a chance of unloading. The Culloden Trust paid a small dividend, but calmly ignores the huge depreciation of its securities—a curious method. Surely an asset (which is the only asset) that has fallen £90,000, and is not worth the price at which it stands in the balance sheet, must be written down before any dividend can be paid.

OIL shares are hardly mentioned. In St. Petersburg the oil market is dull. Paris sympathises and London does not like the position in Mexico. We are all wondering when the Premier Oil will call another meeting of its shareholders. Burmahs have been steady, and Shells hard, but no business of any moment has been done.

MINES.—In the mining market there has been some good buying of all the Barrier mines on the proposed amalgamation. Another rise is prophesied in Zincs, and the newspapers are flooded with favourable notices. The Associated Northern Blocks report was sad indeed when

one remembers that over 22s. was paid by many for the shares. Professor Liveing reports in a gloomy fashion, and holders are tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out. I do not blame them. There is no business doing in Kaffirs, and less in Rhodesians. The rig in Kirkland holds its own, but only the arrant gambler is concerned. He will probably lose his money.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Even the Miscellaneous market shows signs of drooping; but all Electric Light shares keep hard. The St. James's and Pall Mall profits rose sufficiently to enable the dividend to be raised from 10 to 12 per cent., and the other announcements are also satisfactory. The Cairn Line and King Line figures are good, and Houlders, now that it is under the ægis of the Furness group, maintains its dividend. Nevertheless, I think all shipping shares should be sold. Cuban Ports have been marked up, and holders should take advantage of the rise to get out. It also seems wise to sell Mexican Trams and Brazil Tractions.

Before I close this article I should like to congratulate my old friend Walter R. Skinner upon the 28th issue of his "Mining Manual." It contains nearly 1,250 pages of information, and is a unique volume, complete in detail, accurate and clearly compiled. It is cheap at 15s.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

LA LANGUE ÉTRUSQUE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A perusal of "La Langue Étrusque: Affinités Ougro-Finnoises, Précis Grammatical, Textes Traduits et Commentés, Dictionnaire Étymologique, par Jules Martha, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris" (Paris: Ernest Leroux, Éditeur. 1913.) convinces any one that the author has devoted much laudable patience and scholarly research to a very interesting and difficult problem. I am not prepared to criticise his conclusions; but I got the following note from him: "Paris, 28 janvier, 1914; 16 rue de Bagneux, VIe. Monsieur, Il est très possible qu'il y ait quelque relation entre la langue étrusque et les dialectes heuscariens. Vous seriez bien aimable de m'indiquer les principales ressemblances que vous avez relevées. Vous me parlez d'un ouvrage de Monseigneur Liverani. Je ne le connais pas. Il est probable qu'il n'a jamais été publié. Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus distingués.—Jules Martha." This emboldens me to add my mite to the discussion which his book of 496 pages has raised among linguists, and to connect it with an other branch of philology which formerly won the hospitality of THE ACADEMY, in the days of Prince L. L. Buonaparte. I mean the origin of *Heuscara*, or Baskish, of which M. Martha makes no mention. His book would be the better, if it contained a list of *corrigenda*. The similarities which I pick from it are these:

A=a, the demonstrative pronoun=*that*, and also the definite article=*the*, in Baskish.

AN=ici; Baskish *han, an, there, in that place*; or *voici*, recalling B. *huná=see there*!

CANA=voici, B. *han, an huná*.

CES=apprivoisé; B. *hez*, as in St. James iii, 8, in the Baskish New Testament of Ioannes Leicarraga, published by the Trinitarian Bible Society, of 7, Bury Street, London, W.C., in 1908.

CESP=sept; B. *sazpi*, probably akin to Latin *septem*.

ETER=excellent; B. *eder, beautiful*, in all senses.

EZ=père; B. *aita*, (Gothic *atta*).

FELI=dire, parler; B. *elhe=parole, propos*.

THE Sunday Times

THE LEADING SUNDAY PAPER SINCE 1822.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

By FRANK RUTTER.

ART GOSSIP

By W. T. WHITLEY.

Acknowledged to be the most interesting, instructive and accurate articles on current art matters.

IM=femme, mère; B. ama=mother; ema=femelle. This ema may, however, be old French feme. (Whence did the Gaels get im=butter?)

MI=je, me; B. ni=I, me.

SEC, SECH=fille. In the *Vocabulaire de Mots Basques Bas-Navarraïs traduits en Langue Française* par M. Salaberry (Bayonne, 1856) you will read: "Sehi, s., domestique. Ce mot s'applique aux domestiques mâles et femelles sans distinction." One sees it in the Catechism of 1733, and in the Labourdin version of the Fables of Lafontaine by Goyhetché, 1852; both printed in Bayonne.

SU=few; in B. the very self-same word, generally connected with sure (pronounced sure), tree, wood, the primitive material for fires.

XIS=urine; B. chis, chish.

At Cortona, in 1891, I inspected the antiquities in the Museum, and noted the resemblance between the characters of the Etruscan Alphabet and those of the Iberian Inscriptions of Portugal and Spain, collected by my friend, Dr. Emil Huebner, of 4, Ahornstrasse, Berlin. I was advised to call upon an aged *Prete*, of Cortona, Monsignore Liverani, who showed me his two heavy manuscript volumes in which he claimed to have interpreted all the Etruscan inscriptions which were then known to exist in Italy. He hoped to obtain from Pope Leo XIII the means of publishing his work. I advised him to cause a transcription of it to be made and deposited in a safe place. Has this monument of patient study and devotion to linguistic science been lost? Just outside Cortona one sees the wonderful building known as the House of Pythagoras. It occurred to me that it might have been meant as a solution in stone of the problem of squaring the circle.

February 5, 1914.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

FREE TRADE OR FAIR TRADE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I thank Mr. Ridley for his kindly references to myself, and I am very glad to know that I have succeeded in making clear the Fair Trade position, though I am equally sorry that the practicability of Mr. Ridley's ideal of Imperial Federation appears to me to be as doubtful as ever.

Let me speak quite plainly. The maintenance of agricultural prosperity is *absolutely essential* to the existence and independence of a nation. No State which has depended entirely on commerce, however rich and powerful it may have grown, has ever lasted. In fact, its very wealth has been its downfall, and this because it necessarily leads to interior degeneration as much as to foreign aggression. We English are now almost entirely a commercial nation: we have grown fabulously rich by artificially protecting our foreign trade at the expense of our own country life: political power is in the hands of the manufacturers and their dependents, the industrial workers; and consequently there is little hope that the system of Commercial Protection known as "Free Trade," with its apparent corollary of "cheap food," will ever be altered.

What will be the result? Well, there is only one possible result. England will collapse, as every commercial State—Tyre, Venice, Holland—has collapsed, and will cease to figure as a first-class Power. Remember, there is even now nothing but the Fleet between us and political extinction. It is so by our own choice; and all our wealth will avail us nothing if one important naval action were to go against us: we could be starved into submission in a fortnight.

I put it to Mr. Ridley—Would it be wise of Canada to stake everything on the continued inviolability of the British Empire? She does not, I venture to think, as a

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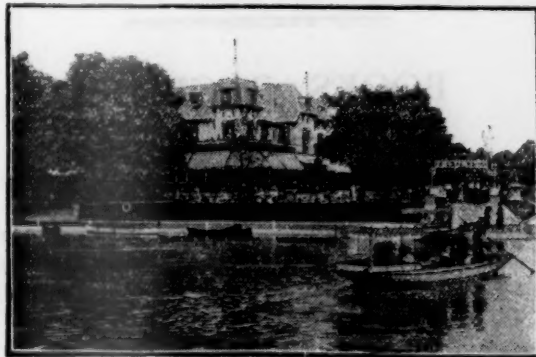
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matter of fact do so. And I am bound to say that I sympathise with her reluctance to provide ships for an Imperial Navy whose main function must necessarily be to guard the coasts of England rather than to strengthen the position of Canada herself. Is it not, then, wiser on Canada's part to have a second string to her bow, an alternative ideal to which to look forward? If the British Empire should dissolve, a North American Republic remains as an equal, perhaps as a greater, possibility; and I am sure that every thoughtful Canadian must inwardly feel this, however loyal to the Old Country he may declare himself to be.

Mr. Ridley is amused at my idea that, in the event of the amalgamation of Canada with the United States, the former would exercise a dominating influence. I was speaking racially, of course. Even in the States the Anglo-Saxon race is the ruling element in spite of the great admixture of nationalities which has been going on for the past hundred years. The inclusion of Canada would have the effect of strengthening this ruling element enormously, and of placing its continued predominance beyond all question, to the unquestionable benefit of the New World as a whole. I repeat what I said before, that Canada and the northern States would control the destiny of the Americas, should such a fusion as I have suggested take place.

But after all, what is the use of speculating? These big world-movements are for the most part entirely outside our control; and it is quite useless to fight against them, however exalted may be our motives. The wise course is to recognise them and to be prepared for eventualities. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London Institution.

IMMO S. ALLEN.

BEOWULF AND VIRGIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The commentators on that most interesting English poem, "Beowulf," do not seem to have noticed that "swigedon ealle:" in line 1699 of Dr. Sedgefields admirable edition, is a translation, and possibly an intentional reminiscence, of "Conticuere omnes," the first line of the second book of the *Æneid*.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, February 2, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Le Ciel: Lectures et Leçons pour Tous.* By J. H. Fabre. Illustrated. (Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
- The Effect of Taxes on Food Stuffs: When and Why a Tax on Food Stuffs does not Increase the Cost to the Consumer.* By Bernard Dale. (Effingham Wilson. 2s. net.)
- Capitals of the Northlands: Tales of Ten Cities.* By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. Illustrated by Edith Brand Hannah. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s. net.)
- Chats on Old Coins.* By F. W. Burgess. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "God's Own Country." An Appreciation of Australia.* By C. E. Jacomb. (Max Goschen. 5s. net.)
- The Land Problem: Notes suggested by the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee.* (Wyman and Sons. 6d.)

- The Dignity of Business: Thoughts and Theories on Business and Training for Business.* By H. E. Morgan. (Ewart Seymour and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- L'Esprit Classique et la Préciosité au XVIIe Siècle.* By J. E. Fideo-Justiniani. (Auguste Picard, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
- In the Fall of the Leaf.* By Stanhope Bayley. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education.* By Thiselton Mark, D.Lit., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)
- The Melting Pot. A Drama in Four Acts* by Israel Zangwill. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Comic Kingdom: Napoleon, the Last Phase but Two.* By Rudolph Pickthall. Illustrated. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Freedom of the Press in Egypt: An Appeal to the Friends of Liberty.* By Kyriakos Mikhail. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)
- The Story of Beowulf.* Translated from Anglo-Saxon into Modern English Prose by Ernest J. B. Kirtlan. With Frontispiece in Colour. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Romance of Names.* By Ernest Weekley M.A. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Abu'l Ala, the Syrian.* By Henry Baerlein. (John Murray. 2s. net.)
- Principles of Property.* By John Boyd Kinnear. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)
- Among the Primitive Bakongo.* By John H. Weeks. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)
- At the Back of the World: Wanderings over Many Lands and Seas.* By George and Jennie Pugh. Illustrated. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)
- The Old Wood Carver.* By Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, R.A., and Siegfried Herkomer. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)
- Stories from the Operas.* By Gladys Davidson. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
- The Schools and Social Reform.* By S. J. G. Hoare, M.P. (John Murray. 6d. net.)
- The Philosophy of Bergson.* By the Hon. Bertrand Russell. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)
- Our Task in India: Shall We Proselytise Hindus or Evangelise India?* By Bernard Lucas. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- San Miniato.* By E. J. Watson. (Partridge and Love, Bristol. 6s. net.)
- Noblesse Oblige and National Service.* (S. Williamson. 3d.)
- The Conscience of a King, and Other Pieces.* By Paul Hookham. (Cottrell Horser, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Surnames of the United Kingdom: A Concise Etymological Dictionary.* By Henry Harrison. Vol. II, Part 8. (Eaton Press. 1s. net.)
- Everybody's Guide to Book-keeping.* By T. E. Copeland, F.S.A.A. (Brindley and Howe. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

English Review; Atlantic Monthly; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; School World; Antiquary; Book-Prices Current; The Bibelot; The Author; Cambridge University Reporter; Journal of English Studies; London Matriculation Directory, Jan., 1914; The Homeland; Cambridge Magazine; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Irish Review; Book Monthly; Book-seller.